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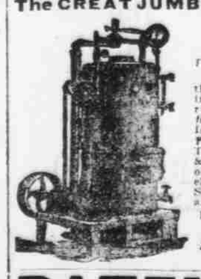

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A TRAGEDY;

—OR—

THE STORY OF THE CHAIN PIER.

CHAPTER VIII.

From that time I felt that my suspicion was a truth. I knew that were characters so complex that no human being could understand them. Here was a beautiful surface,—Heaven only knew what lay underneath. There was no outward brand of murder on the white brow, or red stain on the soft, white hand. But day by day the certainty grew in my mind. Another thing struck me very much. We were sitting one day quite alone on the grass near a pretty little pool of water, called "Dutton Pool,"—in some parts it was very shallow, in some very deep. Lance had gone somewhere on business, and had left us to entertain each other. I had often noticed that one of Mrs. Fleming's favorite ornaments was a golden locket with one fine diamond in the centre; she wore it suspended by a small chain from her neck. As she sat talking to me she was playing with the chain, then it suddenly became unfastened and the locket fell from it. In less than a second it was hidden in the long grass; she looked for it in silence for some minutes, then she said gently:

"I have dropped my locket, Mr. Ford; is it near you. I cannot find it?"

"Is it one you prize very much?" I asked.

"I should not like to lose it," she replied, and her face paled as searching in the long grass she saw nothing of it.

I found it in a few minutes, but it was lying open, the fall had loosened the spring. I could not help seeing the contents as I gave it to her—a round ring of pale golden hair.

"A baby's curl!" I said, as I returned it to her.

Her whole face went blood-red in one minute.

"The only thing I have belonging to my little sister," she said. "She died when I was a child."

"You must prize it," I said; but I could not keep the dryness of suspicion from my voice.

"Mrs. Fleming," I asked, suddenly, "are you, like Lance and myself, without relations?"

"Almost," she replied, briefly.

"Strange that three people should be almost alone in the world but for each other!" I said.

"I was left an orphan when I was four years old," she said. "Only Heaven knows how I have cried out upon my parents for leaving me. I never had one happy hour. Can you imagine a whole childhood passed without one happy hour?"

"Hardly," I said.

With white, nervous fingers she fastened the gold chain round her neck again.

"Not one happy hour," she said. "I was left under the care of my grandmother, a cold, proud, cruel woman, who never said a kind word to me, and who grudged me every slice of bread and butter I ate."

She looked at me, still holding the golden locket in her white fingers.

"If I had been like other girls," she said, "if I had parents to love me, brothers and sisters, friends or relatives, I should have been different. Believe me, Mr. Ford, there are white slaves in England, whose slavery is worse than that of an African child. I was one of them. I think of my youth with a sick shudder—I think of my childhood with horror—and I almost thank Heaven that the tyrant is dead who blighted my life."

Now the real woman was breaking through the mask; her face flushed, her eyes shone.

"I often talk to Lance about it," she said, "this terrible childhood of mine. I was punished for the least offence. I never heard a word of pity or affection. I never saw a look of anything but hate on my grandmother's face. No one was ever pitiful to me; fierce words, fierce blows, complaints of the burden I was, that was all my mother's mother ever gave to me. I need not say that I hated her, and learned to loathe the life I fain would have laid down. Do I tire you, Mr. Ford?"

"On the contrary, I am deeply interested," I replied.

She went on—

"My grandmother was not poor, she was greedy. She had a good income which died with her, and she strongly objected to spend it on me. She paid for my education on the condition that when I could get my own living by teaching I should repay her. Thank Heaven, I did so!"

"Then you were a governess?" I said.

"Yes; I began to get my living at fifteen. I was tall for my age, and quite capable," she said; "but fifteen is very young, Mr. Ford, for a girl to be thrown on to the world."

"You must have been a very beautiful girl," I said.

"Yes, so much the worse for me." She seemed to repent of the words as soon as they were uttered.

"I mean," she added, quickly, "that my grandmother hated me the more for it."

There was silence between us for some minutes, then she added—

"You may imagine, after such an unloved life, how I love Lance."

"He is the best fellow in the world," I said, "and the woman who could deceive him ought to be shot."

"What woman would deceive him?" she asked. "Indeed, for that matter, what woman could? I am his wife."

"It happens very often," I said, trying to speak carelessly, "that good and loyal men like Lance are most easily deceived."

"It should not be so," she said. She was startled again. I could see it in her face.

That same afternoon we drove into Vale Royal. Mrs. Fleming had several poor people whom she wished to see, and some shopping to do.

"You should take your locket to a jeweler's," I said, "and have the spring secured."

"What locket is that?" asked Lance, looking up eagerly from his paper.

"Mine," she replied — "this." She held it out for his inspection. "I nearly lost it this morning," she said; "it fell from my neck."

"Is it the one that holds your sister's hair?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, opening it and holding it out for him to see.

What nerve she had, if this was what I imagined, the hair of the little dead child. Loving Lance rose from his chair to kiss her.

"You would not like to lose that, my darling, would you?" he said. "Excepting me, that is all you have in the wide world."

They seemed to forget all about me; she clung to him, and he kissed her face until I thought he would never give over.

"How lovely you were when I found you, Frances," he said. "Do you remember the evening—you were bending over the chrysanthemums?"

"I shall forget my own life and my own soul before I forget that," she replied.

And I said to myself: "Even if my suspicion be perfectly true, have I any right to mar such love as that?" I noticed that during all the conversation about the locket, she never once looked at me.

We went to Vale Royal, and there never was man so bewildered as I. Lance proposed that we should go visiting with Mrs. Fleming.

"Get your purse ready, John," he said—"this visit will require a small fortune."

"I find the poor value kind words as much as money," said the beautiful woman.

"Then they must be very disinterested," he said, laughingly—"I should prefer money."

"You are only jesting, Lance," she said.

It was a pretty sight to see her go into those poor, little, dirty houses. There was no pride, no patronage, no condescension—she was simply sweet and natural; she listened to their complaints, gave them comfort, and relieved their wants. As I watched her, I could not help thinking to myself that if I were a fashionable or titled lady, this would be my favorite relaxation—visiting and relieving the poor. I never saw so much happiness purchased by a few pounds. We came to a little cottage that stood by itself in a garden.

"Are you growing tired?" she asked of her husband.

"I never tire with you," he replied.

"And you, Mr. Ford?" she asked.

She never overlooked or forgot me, but studied my comfort on every occasion. I could have told her that I was watching what was to me a perfect problem—the kindly, gentle, pitying deeds of a woman who had, I believed, murdered her own child.

"I am not tired, Mrs. Fleming, I am interested," I said.

The little cottage, which stood in a wild patch of garden, was inhabited by a day-laborer. He was away at work; his wife sat at home nursing a little babe, a small, fair, tiny child, evidently no more than three weeks old, dying too, if one could judge from the face.

She bent over it, — the beautiful, graceful woman who was Lance's wife. Ah, Heaven! the change that came over her, the passion of mother love that came into her face; she was transformed.

"Let me hold the little one for you," she said, "while you rest for a few minutes;" and the poor young mother gratefully accepted the offer.

What a picture she made in the gloomy little room of the cottage, her beautiful face and shining hair, her rich dress sweeping the ground, and the tiny white child lying in her arms.

"Does it suffer much?" she asked, in her sweet, compassionate voice.

"It did, ma'am," replied the mother, "but I have given it something to keep it quiet."

"Do you mean to say that you have drugged it?" asked Mrs. Fleming.

"Only a little cordial, ma'am," replied the mother, "nothing more; it keeps it sleeping, and when it sleeps it does not suffer."

She shook her beautiful head.

"It is a bad practice," she said; "more babies are killed by drugs than die a natural death."

I was determined she should look at me; I stepped forward and touched the child's face.

"Do you not think it is merciful at times to give a child like this drugs when it has to die; to lessen the pain of death—to keep it from crying out?"

Ah, me, that startled fear that leaped into her eyes, the sudden quiver on the beautiful face.

"I do not know," she said; "I do not understand such things."

"What can it matter?" I said, "whether a little child like this dies conscious or not? It cannot pray,—it must go straight to Heaven! Do you not think anyone who loved it, and had to see it die, would think it greatest kindness to drug it?"

My eyes held hers; I would not lose their glance; she could not take them away. I saw the fear leap into them, then die away; she was saying to herself, what could it matter?

But I knew. I remembered what the doctor said in Brighton when the inquest was held on the tiny white body, "that it had been mercifully drugged before it was drowned."

"I cannot tell," she replied, with a gentle shake of the head. "I only know that unfortunately the poor people use these kind of cordials too readily. I should not like to decide whether in a case like this it is true kindness or not."

"What a pretty child, Mrs. Ford; what a pity that it must die!"

Could it be that she who bent with such loving care over this little stranger, who touched its tiny face with her delicate lips, who held it, cradled it in her soft arms, was the same desperate woman who had thrown her child into the sea?

CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Fleming was not at her ease with me. I found her several times watching me with a curious, intent gaze, seeking, as it were, to pierce my thoughts, to dive into my motives, but always puzzled—even as I was puzzled over her. That round of visiting made me more loath than ever to believe that I was right. Such gentle thought and care, such consideration, such real charity I had never seen before. I was not surprised when Lance told me that she was considered quite an angel by the poor. I fell ill with anxiety. I never knew what to say or think.

I did what many others in dire perplexity would do, I went to one elder, wiser, and better than myself, a white-haired old minister, whom I had known for many years, and in whom I had implicit trust. I mentioned no names, but I told him the story.

He was a kind-hearted, compassionate man, but he decided that the husband should be told.

Such a woman, he said, must have unnatural qualities. Could not possibly be one fitted for any man to trust. She might be insane. She might be subject to mania—a thousand things might occur which made it, he thought, quite imperative that such a secret should not be withheld from her husband.

Others had had a share in it, and there was no doubt but that it would eventually become known; better hear it from the lips of a friend than from the lips of a foe.

"Perhaps," he advised, "it might be as well for you to speak to her first; it would give her a fair chance."

If it were not true, she could deny it, although if she proved to be innocent, and I had made a mistake, I deserved what I should no doubt get; if she were guilty and owned it, she would have some warning at least. That seemed to me the best plan, if I could speak to her, break it to her in some way or other.

A few more days passed. If any doubt was left on my mind, what happened one morning at breakfast would have satisfied me. Lance had taken up the paper. I was reading some letters, and Mrs. Fleming making tea.

Lance looked suddenly from his paper.

"I used to think drink was the greatest curse in England," he said.

"Have you changed your opinion?" I asked.

"I have. I think now the crying sin of the country is child-murder."

As he uttered the words, his wife was just in the act of pouring some cream into my cup; it did not surprise me that the pretty silver jug and the cream all fell together. Lance laughed aloud.

"Why, Frances," he cried; "I have never seen you do such a clumsy thing before."

She was deadly pale, her hand shaking.

"I have frightened myself," she said, "and no wonder with such a noise."

A servant came, who made everything right.

Then Lance continued, "You interrupted me, Frances. I was just saying that child-murder is one of the greatest blots on the civilization of the present day."

"It is such a horrible thing to speak of," she said, feebly.

"It wants some speaking about," said Lance. "I never take up a paper without reading one or two cases. I wonder that Government does not take it up and issue some decree or other. It is a blot on the face of the land."

"I do not suppose that any decree of Government would change it," I said, "the evil lies too deeply for that; the law should be made equal; as it is the whole blame, shame, and punishment fall on the woman, while the man goes free; there will be no change for the better, while that is the case. I have no patience to think of the irregularity of the law."

"You are right, John," said my old friend. "Still, cruelty in a woman is so horrible, and the woman must be as cruel as a demon who deserts or slays her own child. If I had my own way I would hang everyone who does it; there would soon be an end of it then."

There was a low, startled cry and the paper fell to the ground. Mrs. Fleming rose from her chair with a ghastly face.

"Frances," cried her husband, "what is the matter?"

"You will talk of such horrible things," she replied, vehemently, "and you know that I cannot bear them."

"Sweetheart," he whispered, as he kissed her, "I will be more careful. I know a sensitive heart like yours cannot bear the knowledge of such things. You must forgive me, Frances, but to me there is something far more loathing in the woman who kills a child than in the woman who slays a man. Do not look so pale and grieved, my darling! John, we must be more careful what we say."

"I must beg you to remember that you began the subject, Lance."

"I am ashamed of making such a fuss," she continued, "but there are some subjects too horrible even to dwell upon or speak of, and that is one. I am going into the garden, Lance; perhaps you and Mr. Ford would like your cigars there? I am going to prune a favorite rose tree that is growing wild."

"Do you understand pruning, Mrs. Fleming?" I asked.

"Such small things as rose trees," she replied.

"We will follow you, Frances," said her husband. "My case is empty; I must get some more cigars."

I fancied that she was unwilling to leave us together. She lingered a few minutes, then went out. Then simple, honest Lance turned to me with his face full of animation.

"John, did you ever see such a tender-hearted woman in your life? She is almost too sensitive."

My suspicions were certainties now, and my mind was more than ever tossed and whirled in tortured doubt and dread. I shall never forget one evening that came soon afterwards. We went to dine with a friend of Lance's, a Squire Peyton, who lived not far away, and he was the possessor of some very fine pictures of which he was very proud. He took us through his prettily-arranged gallery.

"This is my last purchase," he said. We all three stopped to look at a large square picture representing the mother of the little Moses placing his cradle of rushes amongst the tall reeds in the water.

I saw Mrs. Fleming look at it with eyes that were red with tears.

"Does it sadden you?" asked Lance. "It need not do; the little one looks young and tender to be left alone, but the water is silent and the mother is near. She never left him. What a pretty story of mother-love it is!"

The beautiful face paled, the lips trembled slightly.

"It is a beautiful picture," she said, "to come from that land of darkness; it makes something of the poetry of the Nile."

Watching her, I said to myself, "that woman has not deadened her conscience; she has tried and failed. There is more good than evil in her."

All night long there sounded in my ears those words, "A life for a life!" And I wondered what would, what could be the punishment of a mother who took the life of her own child?

CHAPTER X.

This state of things could not last. A shade of fear or mistrust came in her manner to me. I must repeat, even at the risk of being wearisome, that I think no man was ever in such a painful position. Had it not been for my fore-knowledge, I should have loved Mrs. Fleming for her beauty, her goodness, and her devotion to my dear old friend. I could not bear to tell him the truth, nor could I bear that he should be so basely and terribly deceived—that he should be living with and loving one whom I knew to be a murderess. So I waited for an opportunity of appealing to herself, and it came sooner than I had expected.

One afternoon Lance had to leave us on business; he said he might be absent some few hours—he was going to Vale Royal. He asked me if I would take Mrs. Fleming out; she had complained of head-ache, and he thought a walk down by the river might be good for her. I promised to do so, and then I knew the time for speaking to her had come.

I cannot tell how it was that our walk was delayed until the gloaming, and then we went at once to the river, for no other reason that I can see, except that Lance had wished us to go there.

But to my dying day I can never forget the scene. The sky was roseate with crimson clouds, and golden with gold; the river ran swiftly, brimming full up to the banks; the glow of the sunlight lay on the hills around, on the green fields, on the distant woods, on the bank where we stood, on the tall, noble trees, on the wild flowers and blossoms. Better almost than anything else I remember a great patch of scarlet poppies that grew in the long green grass; even now, although this took place a long time ago, the sight of a crimson poppy makes my heart ache. The withered trunk of a fallen tree lay across the river's bank; one end of it was washed by the stream. Mrs. Fleming sat down upon it, and the scarlet poppies were at her feet.

"We can see nothing so pretty as the sunset over the river, Mr. Ford," she said; "let us watch it."

We sat for some few minutes in silence; the rosy glow from the sky and the river seemed to fall on her face as she turned it to the water.

The time had come; I knew that, yet only Heaven knows how I shrank from the task! I would rather have died, yet my sense of justice urged me on. Was it fair that Lance Fleming should lavish the whole love of his life on a murderess?"

"What are you thinking so intently about, Mr. Ford?" she asked me.

"Shall I tell you?" I asked.

"Yes, by all means," she replied. "I am sure the subject is very grave, you look so unhappy."

Now the time was come! That beautiful face would never look into mine again. I steeled my heart by thinking of the tiny baby face I had seen on the wooden bench of the pier—so like hers, —the little drowned face!

"I will tell you of what I am thinking, Mrs. Fleming," I said; "but I must tell it to you as a story."

"Do," she said, in a gentle voice, and she gathered the scarlet poppies as she spoke.

"There were two friends once upon a time," I began, "who loved each other with a love deeper and truer than the love of brothers."

She nodded her head with a charming smile; I saw an expression of great relief pass over her face.

"I understand," she said; "as you and Lance love each other, there is something most beautiful in the love of men."

"These two spent much time together; their interests were identical, they shared at that time the same hopes and fears. They were parted for a time, one was busy with his own affairs, the other, an invalid, went to Brighton for his health."

How the smile died away, the sun did not set more surely or more slowly than that sweet smile of interest died from her lips, but no fear replaced it at first.

"The friend who was an invalid went to Brighton, as I have said, for his health, and either fate or Providence took him one night to the Chain Pier."

I did not look at her; I dared not. My eyes wandered over the running river, where the crimson clouds were reflected like blood; but I heard a gasping sound as of breath hardly drawn. I went on.

"The Chain Pier that evening lay in the midst of soft, thick gloom; there was no sound on it save the low washing of the waves and the shrill voice of the wind as it played amongst the wooden piles. He sat silent, absorbed in thought, when suddenly a woman came down the pier,—a tall, beautiful woman, who walked to the end, and stood leaning there."

I saw the scarlet poppies fall from the nerveless hands on the green grass, but the figure by my side seemed to have suddenly turned to stone. I dare not look at her. The scene was far greater agony to me, I almost believe, than to her. I went on.

"The woman stood there for some short time in silence; then she became restless, and looked all round to see if anyone were near.

"Then she walked to the side of the pier. She did not see the dark form in the corner; she raised something in her arms, and dropped it into the sea."

There was a sound, but it was like nothing human, it was neither sigh nor moan, but more pitiful than either; the poppies lay still on the grass, and a great hush seemed to have fallen over the river.

"Into the sea," I repeated, "and the man, as it fell, saw a shawl of black and grey."

She tried to spring up, and I knew that her impulse was to rush to the river, to hold her arms, and the remained motionless; the very air around us seemed to beat with a passionate pulse of pain.

"There was a faint splash in the water," I went on; "it was all over in less than a second, and then the swift waves rolled on as before. The woman stood motionless. When she turned to leave the spot the moon shone full on her face,—ghastly, desperate, and beautiful,—he saw it as plainly as I saw the river here. She cried aloud as she went away, 'Oh, my God, if I dare—if I dare!' Can you tell what happened? Listen how wonderful are the ways of God, who hates murder and punishes it. She flung the burden into the sea, feeling sure it would sink; but it caught,—the black and grey shawl caught,—on some hooks that had been driven into the outer woodwork of the pier; it caught and hung there, the shawl moving to and fro with every breath of wind and every wave."

Without a word or cry she fell with her face in the grass. Oh, Heaven, be pitiful to all who are stricken and guilty! I went on quickly,—

"A boatman found it, and the bundle contained a little drowned child—a fair waxen babe, beautiful even though it had lain in the salt, bitter waters of the green sea all night. Now comes the horror, Mrs. Fleming. When the man who saw the scene went, after some years, to visit the friend whom he loved so dearly, he recognized in that friend's wife the woman who threw the child into the sea!"

Again came the sound that was like nothing human.

"What was that man to do?" I asked. "He could not be silent; the friend who loved and trusted him must have been most basely deceived—he could not hide a murder; yet the woman was so lovely, so lovable; she was seemingly so good, so charitable, so devoted to her husband, that he was puzzled, tortured; at last he resolved upon telling her. I have told you.

Then silence, deep and awful, fell over us; it lasted until I saw that I must break it. She lay motionless on the ground, her face buried in the grass.

"What should you have done in that man's place, Mrs. Fleming?" I asked.

Then she raised her face; it was whiter, more despairing, more ghastly than I had seen it on the pier.

"I knew it must come," she wailed. "Oh! Heaven, how often have I dreaded this—I knew from the first."

"Then it was you?" I said.

"It was me;" she replied. "I need not try to hide it any longer, why should I? Every leaf on every tree, every raindrop that has fallen, every wind that has whispered has told it aloud ever since. If I hide it from you someone else will start up and tell. If I deny it, then the very stones in the street will cry it out. Yes, it was me—wretched, miserable me,—the most miserable, the most guilty woman alive—it was me."

My heart went out to her in fulness of pity—poor unhappy woman! sobbing her heart out; weeping, as surely no one ever wept before. I wished that Heaven had made anyone else her judge than me. Then she sat up facing me, and I wondered what the judge must think when the sentence of death passes his lips. I knew that this was the sentence of death for this woman.

"You never knew what passed after, did you?" I asked.

"No—not at all," was the half sullen reply—"not at all."

"Did you never purchase a Brighton paper, or look into a London paper to see?"

"No," she replied.

"Then I will tell you," I said, and I told her all that had passed. How the people had stood round the little baby, and the men cursed the cruel hands that had drowned the little babe.

"Did they curse my hands?" she asked, and I saw her looking at them in wonder.

"Yes; the men said hard words, but the women were pitiful and kind; one kissed the little face, dried it, and kissed it with tears in her eyes. Was it your own child?"

There was a long pause, a long silence, a terrible few minutes, and then she answered:

"Yes, it was my child."

Her voice was full of despair; she folded her hands and laid them on her lap.

"I knew it must come," she said. "Now let me try to think what I must do. I meet now that which I have dreaded so long. Oh, Lance! my love Lance! my love Lance! You will not tell him?" she cried, turning to me with impassioned appeal. "You will not!—you could not break his heart and mine!—you could not kill me! Oh, for Heaven's sake, say you will not tell him?"

Then I found her on her knees at my feet, sobbing with passionate cries—I must not tell him, it would kill him. She would go away, if I said she must; she would go from the heart and the home where she had nestled in safety so long; she would die; she would do anything if only I would not tell him. He had loved and trusted her so—she loved him so dearly. I must not tell. If I liked, she would go to the river and throw herself in. She would give her life freely, gladly—if only I would not tell him.

So I sat holding, as it were, the passionate, aching heart in my hand.

"You must calm yourself," I said. "Let us talk reasonably. We cannot talk while you are like this."

She beat her white hands together, and I could not still her cries; they were all for "Lance!"—"her love Lance!"

[*To be Continued.*]

THE GUN OF THE FUTURE.

Awful Possibilities of Warfare Involved in the Use of the Dynamite Shell.

The fearful ravages wrought by the explosions of dynamite, says the London Times, leave no one unable to conjecture what might be the consequences of a bombardment in which missiles charged with dynamite should be employed. The difficulty has also been easy to anticipate. The shock of explosion of the gun charge would under the old system in all probability fire the shell charged, dynamite being easily exploded by mechanical shock, and the gun and shell might naturally be expected to destroy the gunners rather than the enemy.

The Americans, who seem rather fond of trying the supposed impossible, first began to experiment on dynamite missiles, and an officer of the American navy contrived what may be called a colossal air gun, in which the shell charged with dynamite might be started on its flight with an easy but accelerating motion, avoiding the shock so certainly productive of premature explosion, and obtaining by a high air pressure through a long bore the velocity requisite.

The idea had been foreshadowed by the Lyman accelerating gun, which, starting the shot with a small charge, followed it up by successive explosions of accelerating charges placed along the bore, and giving it the highest initial velocity ever attained by any gun. The Lyman gun failed, as might have been anticipated; through the weak spots introduced into the system by the mechanical arrangement for securing the accelerating charges from exploding prematurely or not exploding at all, and the great relief given to the gun by the modification of the explosive qualities of the powder has probably put an end to the experiments in accelerating charges. The success of the experimental air gun in throwing to effective distances shells filled with dynamite or even nitroglycerine was such that a gun of eight inch calibre and calculated to throw a shell three miles was planned. It was perfectly correct in theory, and was made apparently on the safe method, but while the scientific officer who conceived it was following out the development of his system by mathematical calculations one of the more characteristic practical inventors had attacked the problem from the other side.

Instead of making his propelling force more elastic, he gave the elasticity to his missile, and by a wad or cushion of caoutchouc of the requisite quality so took up the first impulse given by the explosion that a shell filled with dynamite was fired with complete safety and an affect which can be imagined more easily than calculated. A shell fired from any ordinary battery gun and carrying 11 pounds of dynamite striking a ledge of gneiss which formed the target blew out a cavity 20 feet in diameter and six feet deep. No fuse is required as the shell explodes by concussion as it hits its mark; and it was easy to perceive that a single shell of this description striking the side of the most solid ironclad in existence near the water line would be likely to send her to the bottom. Thus far no accident is reported in the experiments, which are to be, if they are not by this time, repeated with guns of much heavier calibre. But the calibre of the gun is of secondary importance; its range and the capacity of the shell for carrying dynamite are the chief elements to calculate on; and if a shell carrying a hundred pounds of the explosive can be fired from one of the heavy guns now in use, the first hit decides any conflict as between single ships, and one of our steel unarmored cruisers will yield no quicker than the Inflexible to the shock of such an explosion.

A Group of Novelists.

In the art of telling American stories, American writers have attained high success in a very difficult field. A good short story is a work of art. It is a good deal easier to expand a story in the telling than to continue it, and the best novelists often lose their charm when they essay the short story. Among the writers of fiction who have proved themselves masters of the art of telling short stories, Hamilton W. Mabie, in an article in Good Cheer, mentions Julian Hawthorne, George Parsons Lathrop, W. H. Bishop, H. C. Bunner, Brander Matthews, Rose Terry Cooke, Marion Harland and Julia Schayer. Among the stories by these authors that will be found in this admirable class are "Archibald Malmaison," "Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds," "An Echo of Passion," "Newport," "The House of a Merchant Prince," "One of the Thirty Pieces," "Choy Susan," "In Partnership," "Venetian Glass," "The Rival Ghosts," "The Red Silk Handkerchief," "Love in Old Clothes," "A Letter and a Paragraph," "Bits of Travel," "Ramona," "Tiger Lily," and other stories.

An Allegory.

A charming little Lie approached the old showman.

"Mr. Barnum, can you give me anything to do this season?"

"I don't know. You're rather an interesting looking little fellow. Sit down and wait till the agent of the Associated press comes up for the particulars of Jumbo's death. May be between us we can give you a job."

That night the little Lie was set at work, and next morning all the papers told how Jumbo was killed while valiantly trying to save the baby elephant Tom Thumb.—[Chicago News.

A SINGING PILGRIM.

How Philip Phillips Sung His Way Around the World and made Himself Popular.

Philip Phillips is an example of a man with his whole heart in his art. The story of his remarkable career is as interesting as a romance. He has sung his way around the world. One day he was in Rome. A ragged organ-grinder was playing a tune on a barrel organ. Mr. Phillips was astonished to hear that it was one of the melodies that he himself had composed. He asked the organ-grinder where he had purchased the organ. He answered that he had got it from Berne, Switzerland. Mr. Phillips visited Berne and hunted up the organ dealer, who told him that he had heard the song at a religious meeting. It was one of those melodies that whistle themselves, and the organ maker at once put it into a barrel organ. He ground two or three organs that had several of Mr. Phillips' tunes in them, and Mr. Phillips himself has a music box which plays nine of his melodies. I relate this incident as showing how widely his music is sung. Mr. Phillips was born a musician, but he was called into prominence by a little incident that proves how great reputations are quickly created by some trivial occurrence.

Mr. Phillips began singing solos when a mere boy, in the choir in the little church in Chautauqua county attended by the Phillips family. The choir broke down in singing

"When I can read my title clear,"

and the minister called upon Master Phillips to sing the hymn. Mr. Phillips then taught singing school and pedled melodeons. In Fredonia, N. Y., during a revival of religion, the young man began his first service of song. He was the pioneer in that new and refreshing departure from the formal, old-fashioned sacred singing. Many eminent disciples, like Bliss and Sankey, have followed in his footsteps. The good man, with music in his heart, went South during the war, ministering and singing to sick and wounded soldiers in the hospital, under the auspices of that grand organization, the Christian Commission. One day Mr. Phillips found in a Cleveland newspaper a stirring poem, or which the following is the first stanza:

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storm you meet;
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchor'd yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

It was set to music by a Cleveland publishing house and entitled Your Mission, and Mr. Phillips sang it as only he can sing it. The anniversary of the Christian Commission was celebrated in Washington in 1865, not long prior to the assassination of President Lincoln. Mr. Phillips sang Your Mission during the evening with such grand effect that President Lincoln asked Hon. William H. Seward, the presiding officer, to have the song repeated; and the request was granted. Poor Lincoln! It was the last time on earth that he was to hear the sweet voice of the singer who had so charmed him, and when, after Lincoln's death, the incident was related, there came to Mr. Phill

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - NOVEMBER 6, 1885.

DEMOCRATIC

CYCLONE

NEW YORK

ELECTS

Governor Hill

BY

13,000.

VIRGINIA

LAYS OUT

MAHONE.

CAMBRIA

ELECTS

GRAY.

In the three-cornered fight on Tuesday last for the fat office of Sheriff of New York, the Tammany Hall candidate, Hugh J. Grant, came out 7,000 ahead of Jacobus, Republican, and more than 10,000 over White, the candidate of the County Democracy.

It is impossible at this writing (Thursday morning) to state with accuracy the majority in the State for Quay, but as near as we can judge it will slightly exceed thirty thousand, or a little more than one-third the majority received by Blaine last year, which was eighty-one thousand.

THE President returned to Washington on Wednesday forenoon from Buffalo, where he had gone to vote. He expressed himself as thoroughly satisfied and delighted with his party's victory in New York. The result, he said, justifies the assertion that New York can be relied upon in the future as a Democratic State. Seizing the first leisure moment he sent the following congratulatory telegram to Gov. Hill:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, November 4,

Hon David B Hill, Elmira:

I have just returned from Buffalo, and learnd the result when nearly here. I heartily congratulate you on your election.

(Signed) GROVER CLEVELAND.

THE official vote of last Tuesday's election in this county will be found it another part of our paper. It shows the election of the Democratic county ticket with the exception of John Rorabaugh, for Poor House Director, who is defeated by George J. Myers, the Republican candidate, by the small margin of 5 votes. We regret his defeat, for he is an honest, upright man, a good citizen, and one of the staunchest Democrats in the county. The newly elected Sheriff, Joseph A. Gray, is in the prime of life, and we confidently predict that he will bring to the discharge of the responsible duties of his office an energy, industry and intelligence that will entirely satisfy the people of Cambria county that the confidence they have reposed in him by their suffrages has not been misplaced.

"DAVE" MOUAT was fully "vindicated" by the Republicans of the Fifth ward, Philadelphia, on Tuesday last. He is the same man who altered the election returns in his ward a few years ago, for which he was tried, convicted, and sentenced two years to Moyamensing prison. He wanted a vindication, and was regularly nominated by the Republicans in his ward for Common Council. An independent Republican, a man of high character and admitted fitness, was his opponent, but "Dave" was elected by a handsome majority. Is it any wonder that in a city in one of whose wards this thing was done, a majority of 14,000 should be rolled up for Quay, who was proven to be Bill Kemble's right bower in attempting to purchase votes in the Legislature to pass the swindling Pittsburg riot bill? Quay and Mouat—Mouat and Quay! It is the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. The one is elected Common Councilman in a big city and the other Treasurer of a great State.

The Elections.

The last nail was driven into the Republican coffin on Tuesday by the result of the election in the two great States of New York and Virginia. In the former David B. Hill was elected Governor by from twelve to fifteen thousand majority, with a like majority for the balance of the Democratic State ticket. The two cities of New York and Brooklyn gave Hill nearly sixty thousand majority, showing that the Democratic factions in the former were true to their pledge that, come weal come woe, they would present an unbroken front in favor of Hill. This great and decisive victory in New York is an emphatic endorsement of the administration of President Cleveland and must be especially gratifying to him. To have been repudiated by his own State almost at the threshhold of his accession to power would have been regarded as the beginning of the end of Democratic rule, and would have been proclaimed by the leaders of the Republican party as a sure forerunner of its success in 1888. The result, however, in New York effectully disposes of the Presidential aspirations of Blaine, Sherman and Logan, and is full of promise for the future ascendency of the Democracy. Hurrah for Grover Cleveland and the Democracy of New York!

In Virginia there is nothing left of Mahone that is visible to the naked eye. His candidate for Governor, John S. Wise, is defeated by Fitzhugh Lee by a majority of over twenty thousand, and the Legislature which will elect Mahone's successor to the U. S. Senate, is Democratic in both branches by large majorities. This is a victory which the late Commodore Vanderbilt would call "a snorter." Farewell, Wm. Mahone, and if forever, as we earnestly hope, still forever, fare thee well. Massachusetts and Iowa went Republican, while Maryland and Mississippi went Democratic. In the other States in which elections took place on Tuesday no changes of any consequence from formar results occurred.

MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN died at two o'clock on yesterday morning a week ago at St. Cloud, Orange Mountain, N. J., of neuralgia of the heart. Gen. McClellan had for the past two weeks suffered occasionally from pains at the heart. The day before his death he felt in good spirits, and with his wife and daughter visited friends in the neighborhood. Before he returned to his home he made an appointment with a friend to meet him the next morning at eleven o'clock. Upon his return to his home he ate heartily and spent the evening in conversation with his wife and daughter, retiring at ten o'clock. At eleven o'clock the pains returned. So severe were they that a messenger was dispatched on horseback for the General's physician. The physician at once came and for four hours endeavored to give him relief, but his efforts were unsuccessful. At 3:10 A. M. the sufferer sighed, smiled, and said, "Thank God I have pulled through. Am now feeling relieved." A moment later he raised himself upon one hand, opened his eyes, looked about the room and fell back dead. His wife, son and daughter were with him.

The death of Gen. McClellan has caused a feeling of deep sorrow and regret throughout the whole country. He organized the Army of the Potomac after the first Bull Run battle in 1861, and with it fought his celebrated campaign in Virginia in 1862. After he was removed from his command and the same army under Gen. Pope was utterly defeated at the second battle of Bull Run, and the safety of Washington was threatened by the rebel army marching down through Maryland, Mr. Lincoln asked McClellan to again take command and save the National Capital. He did so, and defeated Gen. Lee on the memorable field of Antietam in September, 1862. Immediately after that great battle, Stanton and those who were confederated with him again set themselves to work to destroy him, and again procured his removal, and then McClellan's military career ended. His memory will ever be cherished by his country, by his companions in arms, and especially by the people of Pennsylvania, his native State.

THE Johnstown *Tribune* of Monday last, in referring to the election in this county on the day following, took occasion to say some very mean and untrue things about Joseph A. Gray, the Democratic candidate for Sheriff. Without entering into any defense of Mr. Gray, we will simply offset a few of last Tuesday's election figures against the abuse of the *Tribune*. Mr. Gray was born in and has resided in Susquehanna township, which gave Blaine a majority of 19 votes last fall, all his life, until about two years ago, when he removed to Carrolltown. On Tuesday last the voters of Susquehanna township, who know all about him, gave Gray a majority of forty-one votes. In Carrolltown, where he lives, he received 117 votes to 7 against him, and in the surrounding township of Carroll the vote stood: Gray, 214; Stineman, 23. In these three districts Gray received 448 votes, and Stineman 108, making Gray's majority 340. Who knows Joseph A. Gray best? Is it the editor of the *Tribune* or the people amongst whom he has lived all his life?

GENERAL MCCLELLAN worked diligently on the day before his death in preparing an account of the battle of Antietam. He was preparing a series of articles for the *Century*, a magazine publication, and the first of them was to be one on Antietam. It was not finished, and from the leaves of a book lying on the General's table when he died protruded numerous pages of manuscript. The book was an authority he had been consulting, and the manuscript was the half-written article on his most famous battle.

BEFORE President Cleveland left Washington on Monday, for Buffalo, to cast his vote on Tuesday, he issued a proclamation designating Thursday, November 26, as a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, and invoking the observance thereof by the people of the land. We publish it in another column.

MCLELLAN'S BURIAL.

NEW YORK, November 2.—At 10 o'clock this morning the body of General George B. McClellan was removed from the house of W. C. Prime in East Twenty-third street, to the Madison Square Presbyterian church, where the last funeral services were performed by the pastor, the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst. Although the morning broke dark and gloomy, with occasional bursts of rain, yet hundreds of people gathered early in the neighborhood of the church and Mr. Prime's house.

Squads of police began to arrive early and were placed in position to preserve order. Twenty-five men were deployed in lines extending from Mr. Prime's house to the church, two blocks away, while others guarded the church doors and the passes leading to them. No one, not even the intimate friends of the family, was admitted within the doors of the Prime mansion, and only the family and pall bearers were present when reverently and with tender hands the black cloth covered casket, upon which rested a sheaf of wheat and a few immortelles, was lifted and slowly borne to the street.

On either hand were the pall bearers, consisting of Gen. W. S. Hancock, Gen. Fitz John Porter, Gen. W. B. Franklin, Gen. J. E. Johnson, Gen. Anson G. McCook, Gen. Martin T. McMahon, Gen. S. L. M. Barlow, Hon. W. C. Ketchy, Col. Edward H. Wright, T. W. Adams, Wm. C. Prime, Hon. A. S. Hewitt, John T. Agnew and W. C. Alsop.

Behind the pall bearers followed Mrs. McClellan, Miss May McClellan, Major McClellan, Captain Arthur McClellan, Gen. Marcy and the family servants. In this order the cortege left the house and was met outside by the State Commander of the Loyal Legion of the United States and the representatives of Meagher's Irish Brigade, which served under Gen. McClellan. Both of these organizations preceded the body to Madison Avenue, where between open ranks the procession passed into the church and up the aisle, where stood the officiating clergymen.

The church was filled in every part, and prominent men were seen everywhere. Among them were Gov. Abbott, of New Jersey; Ex Gov. Ludlow, of New Jersey; Gen. Lloyd Aspinwall, Gen. C. P. Stone, Whitelaw Reid, Gen. Averill, Judge Shipman, General Webb Wilson, Gen. Hamilton, Jacob Astor, and Generals Shaller, Cockran, Slocum, Banks, Molineux, Carlton, Swayne, Graham and Wayne Wright.

George Washington Post, G. A. R., of which deceased was a member, was also present. The church was without decoration or emblems of mourning, save a few flowers on the altar. The services were of the simplest description, not occupying half an hour. "Jesus, Lover of my Soul" and "O, Mother Dear, Jerusalem," two of the hymns which Gen. McClellan best liked, were sung, after which prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, and the Fifteenth Chapter of First Corinthians was read by the Rev. Dr. Whitaker.

The final interment was conducted in the simplest manner.

As the funeral procession moved from the church to the depot it was received with marked courtesy by the people, who hurried along the sidewalk. Hats were lifted, and many a tear fell from the eyes of veterans who had served under the dead general. The simplicity of the procession was noticeable. Nothing about it gave any indication whatever of the dead hero. There were no soldiers in line, no bands of music, no draped colors. The funeral procession, so far as any outward display was concerned, might have been that of any well-to-do citizen.

TRENTON, N. J., November 2.—The train conveying the remains of General McClellan arrived in this city at 1:30 p. m. It was met by the Mayor and members of the Common Council. There were about fifty carriages in waiting. The casket was placed in the hearse by a committee of Bayard Post, No. 8. The procession then formed and moved thro' the principal streets to the cemetery in the lower part of the city. The city bells were tolled, and a salvo of guns was fired from the State arsenal. The streets were lined with people, and on many houses flags floated at half-mast. The casket was placed in the brick-lined and cemented grave, and flowers were scattered about it in profusion. Several elaborate floral devices surrounded the tomb. The last rites were brief and solemn. Rev. W. U. Markland, of Baltimore, read the burial service of the Presbyterian Church, and Rev. John Hall, of Trenton, offered a prayer. There was a large concourse in the cemetery. Among those present were several distinguished military men and civilians.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

By the President of the United States, a Proclamation:

The American people have always abundant cause to be thankful to the Almighty God, whose watchful care and guiding hand have been manifested in every stage of their national life, guarding and protecting them in time of peril and safely leading them in the hour of darkness and danger.

It is fitting and proper that a nation thus favored should on one day in every year for that purpose especially appointed, publicly acknowledge the goodness of God, and return thanks to him for all his gracious gifts. Therefore,

I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States of America, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 26th of November instant, as a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, and do invoke the observance of the same by all the people of the land.

On that day let all secular business be suspended, and let the people assemble in their usual places of worship and with prayer and songs of praise devoutly testify their gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for all that He has done for us in the year that has passed; for our preservation as a united nation, and for our deliverance from the shock and danger of political convulsion; for the blessings of peace and for our safety and quiet while wars and rumors of wars have agitated and and afflicted other nations of the earth; for our security against the scourge of pestilence, which in other lands has claimed its dead by thousands and filled streets with mourners; for plenteous crops that reward the labors of the husbandman and increase our nation's wealth, and for the contentment throughout our borders that follows in the train of prosperity and abundance.

And let there also be on the day thus set apart a reunion of families, sanctified and chastened by tender memories and associations, and let the social intercourse of friends with pleasant reminiscence renew the ties of affection and strengthen the bonds of kindly feeling.

And let us by no means forget while we give thanks and enjoy the comforts which have crowned our lives, that truly grateful hearts are inclined to deeds of charity; and that a kind and thoughtful remembrance of the poor will double the pleasures of our condition, and render our praise and thanksgiving more acceptable in the sight of the Lord.

Done in the city of Washington, this second day of November, one thousand eight hundred and eighty five, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and tenth.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

By the President:
T. F. BAYARD,
Secretary of State.

General George B. McClellan.

The country was shocked yesterday morning by the announcement of the sudden death of General George B. McClellan. There was no public premonition of the approach of the inexorable messenger, and the announcement of his death came upon the public like the thunderbolt from an apparently cloudless sky.

Of the many men of pre-eminent distinction during the most memorable history of the Republic, Gen. McClellan was like unto none of his cotemporaries. He was a man of the purest and best politics; a sincere and thoroughly self-sacrificing patriot; a masterly military organizer; a skilful and and brave commander, and one whose political counsels were ever wise and statesmanlike. He came to the command of the armies of the Union the youngest of all who had held that fearfully responsible trust, and he had to confront the gravest military duties and dangers. The country was unused to and unprepared for war; its trusted chieftan had failed; the Union arms had suffered defeat in the first great battle of the war, and political complications and perils mingled largely with the military dangers which beset him. Lincoln believed in McClellan, and meant to give honest and hearty support; but conflicting methods, political and military jealousies, and the retreat from Richmond on the Peninsula culminated in his removal from command. The disgraceful bombast and failure of Pope, and his retreat into the intrenchments of Washington after the second battle of Manassas, brought the Army of the Potomac again under McClellan, and he exhibited his wonderful organizing military powers by gathering up a defeated and demoralized army and practically defeating Lee at Antietam.

Soon after Antietam, Gen. McClellan was again relieved of the command, and the Fredericksburg disaster followed under Burnside. After a winter of most disgraceful military wrangles which should have dismissed and disgraced a dozen generals, Hooker succeeded to the command only to blunder again at Chancellorsville. Meade and Gettysburg followed, but it was not until Grant came into supreme command that the country was prepared for the sacrifice necessary to end the rebellion by the destruction of Lee's army at any cost. In McClellan and Grant were presented the two widely different methods of warfare that made Grant instead of McClellan the chieftan of the war. Had Grant been a Confederate officer he would have been dismissed the first year of the war and died unknown to fame. His aggressive and costly methods of warfare were adapted only to the side that had boundless resources in men and money. He was nothing if not aggressive, and he would have been an utter failure as a defensive commander. McClellan was not an aggressive warrior. He was the one master organizer of the army; he was skilful, brave and cautious, and he was the best defensive general of either army in the late war. Had he been a Confederate soldier he would have outstripped Lee in all the qualities of a great warrior whose successdepended upon husbanding resources and delivering battle only when greater loss could be inflicted than must be received. It was this inherent difference in the destructive qualities of the two men that made Grant, the less accomplished soldier, the chieftan of the Republic.

No man ever bore himself more grandly than did Gen. McClellan when retired from his command. Stanton, the impetuous and implacable War Minister, had entered the War Office as McClellan's devoted friend, but became his most vindictive foe. Halleck never forgave McClellan for the offense of winning the stars of Commander-in-Chief before his senior, and he shared Stanton's bitter personal hostility. McClellan was regarded with intense political and military jealousy, and systematic and tireless efforts were given to secure his destruction; but no word or act came from him that was not manly and patriotic. He was nominated for President in 1864, when Sherman was struggling for Atlanta and Grant was halted in his march on Richmond, and the deliverance of his party on the war was pointedly discouraging to the loyal people of the North; but McClellan boldly put himself on broad loyal and patriotic grounds in his letter of acceptance. He could not avert political defeat, but he could and did assert his patriotic devotion and vindicate his honor as a soldier.

General McClellan was a conscientious conservative, both as a soldier and a statesman, and he was called to act a part when conservative methods in both politics and war were not acceptable to the country. The political methods of war times were simply revolutionary, and the military methods finally looked to results regardless of sacrifice. Grant lost more men in killed, wounded and missing between the Rapidan and the James than Lee ever had in front of him, and that method of sacrificing three lives for one destroyed Lee and ended the rebellion. McClellan would never have fought such a campaign, nor would any have fought it but Grant. McClellan would have taken Richmond by overwhelming numbers and strategy with probable half the loss that Grant sustained; but Lee's army would have been still in the field and the rebellion unconquered. Both these great warriors have passed away. History will give a generous measure of justice to both, and George B. McClellan's name will rank, in the annals of the nation's achievements, as one of the great generals and unsullied patriots of his memorable age.—*Philad'a Times.*

THE CASE OF RIEL.—The existence of the Canadian Dominion may hang upon so small a thing as the decision of its Government with regard to one man's life.

The execution of Riel will undoubtedly stimulate the disruptive tendencies which already make the maintenance of union between the French and English sections Canada extremely difficult. The French element of the population will look upon Riel as a martyr, and so in one sense he would be, for there would have been no second rebellion for him to head but for the administrative maltreatment of the French-speaking half-breeds in the Northwest.

That from this point of view Riel may be fairly regarded as a victim of the Government's own wrongdoing, will be clear by and by even to the Orangemen of Ontario, who just now are clamoring for his death. It will be clear, for they will see the present Ministry virtually admit responsibility for the late outbreak by proposing legislative remedies for the grievances of which the half-breeds complained and which Riel strove to redress. When the hour comes for confessing the provocation given to the revolt, the present Premier will be lucky if he does not find himself deserted at once by the English and detested by the French.

We believe that Sir John McDonald will be lucky in this instance, because we believe he will be wise, and that his wisdom will be proved by the commutation of Riel's death sentence to imprisonment for life.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Queer reading would be the history of names. We cannot, however, go into the subject now except so far as to say that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy was called by that in an informal fashion long before the Doctor dreamed of advertising it for public use. Speaking of it he would say to his patients: "This is my favorite remedy for all troubles of the blood," &c., and its success was so great that he finally spelled the name with capital letters.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A force that fights successfuly against disease. A host in itself, is Hunt's Remedy.

—The California raisin crop has grown, in nineteen years, from 1000 to 400,000 boxes.

—A Chinaman in Chicago, arrested for striking his wife with a hatchet, pleaded as an offset that she was his wife.

—Some workmen engaged in digging a well at Bristol, Pa., found petrified wood 25 feet below the surface.

—Rev. Mr. Tennant died in Evansville, Ark., on Monday, aged 115 years. Deceased was the oldest gospel minister in the United States, and had preached for 90 years.

—Eight months ago a Connecticut woman lost her voice. Last week she recovered it, while coughing to relieve a tickling sensation in her throat.

—There is a dog in London that has been taught to spell several words by pointing out the requisite letters of the alphabet with a stick held in his paw.

—St. Peter's Cathedral at Moscow has five cupolas, to overlay which 900 pounds of gold were used. The marble floors cost $1,500,000.

—"Hunt's Remedy is the most effective medicine I ever used in my practice for dropsy and kidney diseases. It has almost raised the dead. L. A. PALMER, M. D., Mystic.

—The colored people of Wathena, Kan., began a "protracted meeting" in August, 1884, which has been kept up ever since, without missing a night. Nor is there any telling when it will stop.

—When the new Croton dam and aqueduct are finished 320 000 000 gallons of water will find its way to New York city each day. Ten thousand men are now employed on the work.

—The gold dug from the mines in Thibet, writes a missionary, is so plentiful that it is used to cover the pinnacles of the pagodas, and is made into idols, chairs, couches and ornaments for the people.

—Trial proves that honesty is the best policy in medicine as well as in other things. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a genuine preparation, an unequalled blood purifier, decidedly superior to all others.

—A New Jersey farmer, having no faith in banks, went to the field to plow with $2,500 in his pocket. The money dropped out and he ploughed it under. It took him two days to find it.

—Hercules Wilson, a colored Representative, has resigned his seat in the Georgia Legislature on the ground that he can make more money by laying brick at $4 a day than he can by laying pipe in politics.

Mrs. Ellen Finn, of Cincinnatti, for making false affidavits to a pension claim, and continuing to draw a pension after she had married a second time, was sentenced to one years imprisonment.

—A man living at Red Wing, Minn., has a pair of golden candlesticks which he says he dug out of an Indian mound at Waukesha, Wis., and which he thinks are part of the decoration of Solomon's Temple.

—Railway men are beginning to condemn locomotive headlight, which, by the way, is not in use in Europe. They say that it is of little or no utility, and its powerful illumination tends to render indistinct the colors of signal lights on the track ahead.

—Hundreds of letters from those using Ayer's Hair Vigor attest its value as a restorer of gray hair to its natural color. As a stimulant and tonic, preventing and often curing baldness, and cleansing and soothing the scalp, its use cannot be too strongly recommended.

I was troubled with chronic catarrh and gathering in the head; was deaf at times, and had discharges from the ears, unable to breathe through the nose. Before second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted I was cured.—C. J. Corbin, 923 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

—The amount of standard silver dollars put into circulation during October was $3,750,000, an excess of $1,250,000 over the amount put into circulation during the same month of 1884. The net amount of fractional coin sent out during October was about $725 000.

—Owing to the strikes in the western nail mills causing an advance in the price of nails, the nailers and feeders of the Brooke iron company's works, at Birdsboro, have had their wages advanced 10 per cent. The increase affects about 225 employes.

—A curious circumstance is reported from Virginia. A lady had 12 stands of bees which were very valuable until a distillery was started in the neighborhood. Since then the bees fly over there and get very drunk. They are now eating up what honey they had on hand and refuse to make any more.

—A Boston family were awakened one night last week by the barking of a pet dog, which had jumped upon the bed in which they slept. Upon opening their eyes, they found the house was in flames, and they had barely time to escape. But for the alarm raised by the dog they would have perished.

—Some children in Louisiana who recently witnessed a baptism took one of their number, 3 years old, and plunged him in a pond until he was drowned. At the same place, two years ago, after a public hanging, some children, while rehearsing the execution, hanged one of their number to the rafters of a barn.

—One of the most successful fairs of the year is the Mississippi Colored State Fair, which is now in progress. Every detail of the management has been in the hands of colored men. White people have contributed premiums and are otherwise manifesting deep interest in the success of the enterprise.

Henry Miller, aged 77, is an old and respected farmer residing near Aurora, Ind. Mr. Miller deeded his property, worth $125,000 to his children, prepasatory to marrying Miss Ida Chance, aged 17, who is to receive $5 000. The entire transaction is a commercial one, the aged swan thus purchasing the acquiescence of his children and his bride.

—The hog cholera has not been as bad for years in some parts of Champaign County, Ill., as it is now. More than 1,000 head have died within a few weeks in the south part of Crittenden township alone. The loss in one neighborhood referred to will not fall far below $10,000. The disease is rapidly spreading and threatens to attack every herd in the county.

—Under prohibition, one of the four drug stores at Osage Mission, Kansas, a place of 2000 inhabitants, filed 395 "death warrants" (as the statements of sales of liquor are called) for the month of September. These sales averaged a pint, so that about 200 gallons of liquor were consumed in the town "for medicinal purposes only," to say nothing of that brought or smuggled in.

—David Conger, of Guernsey county, Ohio, murdered his wife with an axe for trying to save their six-year-old son, whom he was beating cruelly. The wretch pretended to be deaf and dumb until the judge sentenced him to 99 years, for murder in the second degree, when he broke forth in curses and denunciation of the Court and people.

—A San Francisco man has a favorite cat which sits at the dinner table and eats fish from a plate, using its paw in lieu of a fork or knife. Sometimes the man gives the cat a piece of fish from his own plate. One day recently the cat was absent when the dinner bell rang, but he soon came bounding in and sprang upon his chair with two mice in his mouth, one of which he dropped into his own plate and the other into that of his master, thus dividing his dinner as had been done with him.

Don't say there is no help for catarrh, hay fever and cold in the head, when thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has cured them. It supersedes the dangerous use of liquids and snuffs. It is easily applied with the finger and gives relief at once. Price 50 cents.

—A prominent agriculturist offered a prize of a full-blood Jersey calf to the lady writing the best essay on "The science of making good bread." The committee selected to pass upon the merits of the essay awarded the prize to Mrs. J. Ernest Scott, of Washington County. There were 91 competitors.

—Chinese to the number of 197, after being notified to pack their goods, were escorted from Tacoma, W. T., to Lakeview, nine miles distant. They will probably go to Portland, Oregon. No violence was shown them, and they were supplied with provisions.

—The Cincinnatti *Price Current* stated on last Thursday that the number of hogs packed in the west last week is 265,000, against 195,000 for a corresponding time last year. The total to date from March 1 is 4,640,000, against 3,975 000 a year ago. The movement since March 1, at the principal points is as follows: Chicago, 2 410 000; Kansas City, 773,000; Milwaukee, 217 000; Indianapolis, 184,000; Cleveland, 138,000; Cincinnati, 128 000.

—Strikes on French railways are never heard of. The reason is that the employes are given special privileges. Rates of freights on goods consigned to them personally are much lower than the usual rates. They receive through the special stores kept for them provisions at wholesale prices. They can purchase fuel at the same money as the company paid for it. They are attended by the companys physician when they are sick, and the medicine is supplied gratuitously.

—Five years ago the number of young Irish temperance men in the anthracite coal region could be counted on one's fingers. A remarkable change has taken place since then. The sons of Irishmen are now the most orderly and temperate of all the mining inhabitants. A short time ago a great reunion was held at Nanticoke, and seven thousand Father Matthew men participated. A great many Catholic clergymen were present. Those participating in the procession are mostly employed in the mines. Ex-Attorney General Palmer says the Catholic Church is doing more for the cause of temperance than all other denominations combined.

—Near Wilkinsburg, in Allegheny County, there is an encampment of two hundred Italians, employed as laborers on the pipe lines. They live in rough board shanties and canvas tents and do their own cooking. They have no idea what constitutes comfort or luxury, and are not epicureans. One of the Italians is always king of the camp and makes all their contracts with employers, for which he receives a percentage of the wages of the men under him. The ditchers get $1 25 a day, but after deducting the commission paid to the padrone they have little left. Though they don't have much, they save all they get. Their expenses are so little that they will get rich upon what an American labourer can't live on.

—Indianapolis has this week been entertaining a centenarian with an unusual record. Frederic Weigmann was born in Westphalia, Germany, in 1779, and lived longer than the time alloted to man in the Fatherland before seeking a home on these Western shores. At the age of 90 years he embarked for America where all that remained of his family had preceded him, and since then has made his home near Cincinnatti. This week he came to Indianapolis to celebrate the one hundred and sixth anniversary of his birthday with his son, and with food the fatigue of the trip in good order. Father Weigman has never been seriously ill, and still takes daily exercise, a vigorous appetite supplying his physical wants. He was on the field of Waterloo and bears on his forehead the sign of the impact of a French sabre in that battle.

Take all in all.

—*Take* all the Kidneys and Liver *Medicines.*

—Take all the *Blood* purifiers,

—Take all the *Dyspepsia* and Indisgestion *cures,*

—Take all the *Ague*, Fever, and Bilious *specifics,*

—Take all the *Brain* and Nerve force *restores,*

—Take all the *Great* health restorers.

In short, take all the best qualities of all these and the—*best,*

—*Qualities* of all the best medicin s in the world, and you will find that—*Hop*

—*Bitters* have the best curative qualities and powers of all—*concentrated* in them,

—And that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or—*combined*. Fail!!!

—A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism.

Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave.

J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1881

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring.

I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it."

—A WORKINGMAN.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

PYÆMIA

Is the most virulent form of blood-poisoning. Less speedily fatal, but not less certainly so, is the vitiation of the blood of which the first symptoms are Pimples, Sties, Boils, and Cutaneous Eruptions. When the taint of Scrofula gives warning of its presence by such indications, no time should be lost in using AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, the only perfect and reliable medicine for the purification of the blood.

SCROFULA

Is a foul corruption in the blood that rots out all the machinery of life. Nothing will eradicate it from the system and prevent its transmission to offspring but AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. This preparation is also the only one that will cleanse the blood of Mercurial poison and the taint of Contagious Diseases. Impoverished blood is productive of

ANÆMIA,

A wretched condition indicated by Pallid Skin, Flaccid Muscles, Shattered Nerves, and Melancholy. Its first symptoms are Weakness, Languor, Loss of Nerve Force, and Mental Dejection. Its course, unchecked, leads inevitably to Insanity or death. Women frequently suffer from it. The only medicine that, while purifying the blood, enriches it with new vitality, and invigorates the whole system, is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists: Price $1;
Six bottles for $5.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., New York.

MALARIAL POISON.

The principal cause of nearly all sickness at this time of the year has its origin in a disordered Liver, which, if not regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and death will ensue. A gentleman writing from South America says: "I have used your Simmons' Liver Regulator with good effect, both as a prevention and cure for malarial fevers on the Isthmus of Panama."

TAKE

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR,

A Purely Vegetable Medicine.

AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC
FOR
MALARIOUS FEVERS,
BOWEL COMPLAINTS,
JAUNDICE,
COLIC,
RESTLESSNESS,
MENTAL DEPRESSION,
SICK HEADACHE,
CONSTIPATION,
NAUSEA,
BILIOUSNESS,
DYSPEPSIA, &c

If you feel drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver or "biliousness," and nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as to take

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

It is given with safety, and the happiest results to the most delicate infant. It takes the place of quinine and bitters of every kind. It is the cheapest, purest and best family medicine in the world.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO. Philadelphia.

Sold by all Druggists

1794. 1883.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

T. W. DICK,

AGENT FOR THE

OLD HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.

COMMENCED BUSINESS

1794.

Ebensburg, July 21, 1882.

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ELEGANT FURNITURE,

CONSISTING OF

Parlor and Chamber Suits,
WARDROBES, SIDEBOARDS,
Centre, Extension and Breakfast Tables,
CHAIRS, CUPBOARDS, SINKS,
BED SPRING MATTRESSES,

and in fact nearly everything pertaining to the Furniture business. Also any goods in that line manufactured in the United States sold at the lowest catalogue prices.

Upholstering, Repairing and Painting

of all kind of Furniture, Chairs, Lounges, &c. promptly and satisfactorily attended to. Warerooms on High street, opposite the Congregational church. Please call and examine goods whether you wish to purchase or not.

E. H. CRESSWELL.

Ebensburg, April 18, 1884-ly.

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OVER 1,000,000
BOTTLES SOLD AND NEVER
FAILS TO CURE COUGHS, COLDS,
THROAT AND ALL LUNG TROUBLES.
ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT. PRICE
25 CTS.

COUGH SYRUP

DON'T FORGET THAT
DR. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER
ALWAYS CURES PIMPLES, BOILES, SORE EYES, MALERIA, MECURIAL, AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
R. F. SELLERS & CO. Pros. PITTSBURGH, PA.

Mason & Hamlin

ORGANS: Highest Honors at all Great World's Exhibitions for eighteen years. Over one hundred Styles, for Cash, Easy Payments or Rented. Catalogues free.

PIANOS: New mode of Stringing. Do not require tuning one quarter as much as Pianos on the prevailing wrest-pin system. Re-markable for purity of tone and durability.

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Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Illustrated American STOCK BOOK

A treatment of diseases of Horses, Cattle, Hogs and Sheep; record of pedigree, how to train them, &c. *Thousands sold in the West. No farmer can afford to be without it.* HORACE HOOKER says: "It is the best work of the kind I ever saw." Price: cloth, $5; leather, $5.75. Sent prepaid. Agents Wanted. Exclusive Territory Given. Knickerbocker Subscription Agency, P. O. Box 830. 132 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

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GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get goods cheap. Secure your choice and Club Rates at once. **HALL** READING, PENN.

Gold Band Mocha and Java. Unequaled upon the Military plan. Boys of any age admitted. Send for catalogue, terms, etc. P. D. & S. BISHOP, Head-Master, Reading, Pa.

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These organs are unsurpassed in tone, quality of material, combination, and perfect construction, while in their elegant, attractive, ornamental and substantial cases they are unrivaled. Adapted for schools, churches, lodges, parlors, &c.

ESTABLISHED REPUTATION.
UNEQUALED FACILITIES.
SKILLED WORKMEN.
HIGH GRADE MATERIAL.
CONSTANTLY IMPROVING.

Correspondence solicited. Illustrated Catalogue free.

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Instruction Books and Sheet Music.

Catalogue and Price List sent free on application.

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Ebensburg, April 4, 1884.-tf.

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FURNITURE

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,

TABLES, CHAIRS,

Mattresses, &c.

1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE

Between 16th and 17th Sts.

ALTOONA, PA.

☞ Citizens of Cambria county visiting Altoona will find it to their interest to call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere, as my prices are the lowest and honest prices are respectfully invited to a call before buying elsewhere, as we are confident that we can please every want and please every taste. Prince Hot Spring House, Altoona, April 16, 1880-tf.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.

STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.

PROTECTION MUTUAL

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - - OCT. 30, 1885.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—Source—coal.

—Arbor Day was not observed.

—Trouble wants the electric light.

—Subscribe for, and read this paper.

—Thanksgiving day comes on the 26th.

—For fresh groceries go to the Sugar Bowl.

—Election day brought about two inches of snow.

—For an oyster stew go to the Sugar Bowl.

—"You can't tell the diff," is a fresh lit-er-ary-ing.

—For canned goods of all kinds, go to the Sugar Bowl.

—Where is our Thanksgiving turkey to come from?

—Two inches of snow on Sunday last at Cresson Springs.

—The rage now in Paris is to be married at midnight.

—The entire Republican ticket was elected in Blair county.

—The next holiday of national note will be Thanksgiving.

—Gerrits predict that we shall become a depressed nation in fifty years.

—Mr. Elias Edwards, of Blacklick township, killed two deer on Tuesday last.

—Lee Wah, a Chinese agent, is establishing a large Mongolian colony at McKeesport.

—Six thousand barrels of cider will be made this fall in one township in Tioga county.

—Johnstown claims "the best water-works and best water of any town in the State."

—A two-horse wagon load of pumpkins can be bought for fifty cents in Clearfield township.

—The town clock, which as a general thing is correct in its habits, got a little off on election day.

—The largest assortment of gum boots and overshoes ever seen in this town is now on exhibition at Barkers'.

—Mr. George M. Biddle arrived home on Saturday last. He had been in Philadelphia for several months past.

—A Huntingdon boy was way laid and robbed one night last week of thirty dollars belonging to his employer.

—Geezer, the tailor, will be at the Mountain House (Ebensburg), Wednesday noon until Friday evening, Nov. 11 and 12.

—An Altoona genius has invented a machine with which he can cut 100 heads of cabbage for sauerkraut in one minute.

—Fifteen hundred and thirty-three transient guests were entertained at the Logan House, Altoona, during the month ending Saturday last.

—Now the boys will want overcoats and you will find a good stock at Barkers' to draw one from 4 years old to 18. Call in and see them.

—A Bedford county youth, named Charles Wisner, accidentally shot himself in the head a short time ago and last week died from his hurt.

—It is estimated that the farmers of Berks county have nearly 300,000 trade dollars to realize on, awaiting some action of Congress to coin them.

—Dr. William Gerrard, of Fallston, Beaver county, said to have been the first manufacturer of steel in this country, has just celebrated his 82d birthday.

—Mrs. Mary Fiske was last week appointed postmistress at Fiske, to fill the vacancy caused by the recent death of her husband Asa H. Fiske, Esq.

—The public schools in Dempseytown, Venango county, are temporarily closed on account of the prevalence of a subcutaneous disease vulgarly called the "itch."

—You will find the largest stock of ladies coats at Barkers', and prices lower than anywhere else in the State, as they have a lot at about half their former prices.

—Mrs. Susan Carney, wife of P. F. Carney of Altoona, died at the residence of her husband in that city, on Tuesday last. Her remains were interred at Loretto on Thursday.

—Peanuts are being raised with success in the southern part of Somerset county. A Democrat correspondent says that H. H. Rush has produced as fine specimens as can be found anywhere.

—The residence of Samuel K. Shaw, of Gresham, Blair county, was burglarized one night last week and two coats and two hats were taken. Mr. Shaw was a resident of Williamsburg a few years ago.

—David Rinosh of Brothersvalley, is reported to have made nearly two thousand barrels of cider this fall. John S. Myers, of Brothersvalley, has stored away fifteen hundred bushels of winter apples.

—Don't fail to call in right away and see the bargains in ladies' coats at Barkers', as they unquestionably are the cheapest lot ever brought to Ebensburg, and when these are gone there will be no more of them.

—An encounter on Monday between Frank Kimball, aged 14 years, and his dog, with a wildcat which had ventured into the limits of Brookville, Jefferson county, resulted in a victory for the boy and dog.

—Mr. William Corbett, who was for several years ticket agent at Cresson and, who, about six months ago removed to Philadelphia, has been appointed ticket agent for the Pennsylvania railroad at Bassimer.

—An address will be delivered before St. Michael's T. A. & B. Society on Sunday next at 2 o'clock p. m., in the new school building at Loretto, by Jas. J. Kaylor, Esq. The public is cordially invited to attend.

—Patrick Minahan, who was a brother of John Minahan, who was murdered by Mickey Smith, died at his residence in Minersville, below Johnstown, on last Monday morning. He was forty-six years of age and leaves a wife and three children.

—Hallow Eve for the first time in many years passed off without the usual amount of mischief being done, and our citizens were greatly surprised on awakening up the next morning to find their door steps, etc., in their proper position.

—On Monday night of last week four Indian boys, who belong to the Indian Training school at Martinsburg, Blair county, escaped and on Friday they were retaken at Altoona and taken back. They came by railroad to Pittsburg.

—[illegible] travel on the Pennsylvania railroad with orders to arrest [illegible] stealing rides. They [illegible] limbs and effect-[illegible] lodged in by [illegible]

MULHOLLAND BUCKBOARD, [illegible] who have [illegible] it to Mr. [illegible] Morrow, [illegible] st. for [illegible] Miss [illegible] ow, [illegible] in [illegible]

Mulholland Springs do away with SIDE-SPRINGS, BODY-LOOPS and SIDE BARS; are so table for either city or [illegible] and superior to all others for [illegible] for speeding, pleasure or business [illegible] any description. Send for catalogue and [illegible]

Standard Wagon Co., Cincinnati, O.

CENTS READ THIS

[illegible] a salary of $10 per month [illegible] large commission, to sell our [illegible] Address, at once, [illegible] & Co., Marshall, Mich.

THIS PAPER may always be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for it in NEW YORK

VOTE OF CAMBRIA CO.,

at Election Held on Tuesday, November 3, 1885.

DISTRICTS.	1884 Electors: Luther	Kinkead	State Treas'r: Day	Quay	Spindler	Sheriff: Gray	Stineman	Haynes	P. H. Director: Rowlands	Myers	Cutter	Jury Com'r: Hough	Davis	Folsom	Coroner: Kinney	Miller	Croxford
Adams Township	92	103	121	77	1	62	136	....	87	102	7	81	114	1	80	116	....
Allegheny Township	181	65	140	81	....	150	30	....	91	82	....	149	30	....	151	20	....
Barr Township	102	45	102	63	....	88	83	....	93	102	....	98	70	....	98	79	2
Blacklick Township	88	68	98	67	3	77	87	1	91	65	11	95	68	4	97	67	3
Cambria Bor. 1st Ward	147	8	151	3	....	132	2	....	132	2	....	2	....	....	2	2	....
" " 2d "	136	18	143	5	....	140	5	....	140	5	....	133	7	....	143	6	....
Cambria Township	26	166	42	161	3	21	163	2	41	162	3	40	162	....	40	162	3
Carrolltown Bor	99	6	107	15	....	110	7	....	91	29	....	108	14	2	98	14	....
Carroll Township	212	39	198	88	1	214	23	1	141	83	1	202	35	....	201	35	1
Chest Springs Bor	16	8	20	7	....	23	18	....	20	19	....	29	16	1	28	15	1
Chest Township	68	18	87	84	....	67	18	....	90	40	....	86	24	1	86	24	1
Clearfield Township	138	79	168	18	....	167	14	....	147	31	....	168	18	....	168	18	....
Conemaugh Township	37	22	37	21	4	23	22	13	23	23	....	24	22	....	24	23	2
Conemaugh Bor. 1st W.	221	62	216	58	4	212	57	8	221	52	4	221	53	2	221	52	3
" " 2d W.	193	51	172	52	3	161	56	8	170	52	4	169	57	3	169	52	4
Cooperdale Bor.	10	71	....	87	23	....	99	23	....	45	17	2	43	4	1	44	17
Croyle Township	109	121	40	191	....	93	48	....	183	38	7	147	92	17	145	93	1
Dean Township	15	9	15	11	....	13	11	....	13	11	1	15	11	1	15	11	....
East Conemaugh Bor.	40	73	40	74	7	23	86	9	34	63	23	27	79	....	32	79	10
East Taylor Township	....	....	22	67	14	9	90	8	18	69	20	24	63	15	25	63	19
Ebensburg Bor. East W.	20	5	18	66	14	17	69	10	12	70	14	15	67	19	15	66	15
" " West W.	74	68	86	54	6	86	57	1	75	63	4	83	57	10	82	59	4
Elder Township	92	9	81	10	....	96	5	....	44	50	....	48	37	4	86	13	....
Franklin Bor	39	84	40	64	3	42	82	8	30	47	21	38	67	....	39	62	5
Gallitzin Borough	117	33	139	50	1	151	40	....	139	56	7	143	48	4	143	47	1
" Township	35	28	29	20	....	30	20	....	17	30	....	30	20	1	30	20	....
Grubtown Borough	30	51	21	38	8	18	39	7	20	37	8	21	37	....	21	37	7
Jackson Township	160	157	99	82	24	21	94	17	29	81	46	24	86	7	26	81	24
Johnstown Bor. 1st W.	75	251	71	214	9	59	219	27	67	217	16	69	216	....	67	217	16
" " 2d "	50	141	61	124	2	53	125	9	52	126	8	52	129	14	52	126	10
" " 3d "	113	70	108	49	7	92	85	6	102	52	7	99	57	6	100	53	8
" " 4th "	46	117	42	73	6	34	92	9	41	73	11	40	76	6	39	76	9
" " 5th "	94	132	82	123	24	63	122	46	80	122	28	79	125	9	77	121	31
" " 6th "	73	166	80	161	18	66	163	35	72	165	28	73	164	25	70	157	36
" " 7th "	51	67	61	73	3	41	84	9	61	73	5	60	72	4	61	72	5
Lilly's Borough	....	....	73	74	....	72	75	....	74	73	....	75	72	....	75	72	....
Loretto Borough	53	13	39	10	....	39	10	....	25	23	....	39	10	....	38	11	....
Lower Yoder Township	97	88	49	77	18	45	79	23	40	80	21	46	80	21	48	78	21
Millville Bor. 1st Ward	79	159	47	128	6	48	105	37	47	129	11	48	128	7	61	120	7
" " 2d Ward	82	70	107	29	7	112	22	9	104	28	7	107	29	....	107	27	9
Munster Township	98	20	71	12	1	70	13	1	67	14	1	71	12	1	71	12	1
Portage Township	73	64	88	57	....	91	54	....	83	61	....	84	60	....	85	84	....
Prospect Borough	52	26	78	18	....	76	20	....	73	28	....	81	15	....	79	20	....
Reade Township	41	195	30	161	2	28	168	....	29	165	....	29	165	....	29	165	....
Richland Township	73	104	82	105	3	80	108	2	88	95	6	88	88	2	92	104	8
Stonycreek Township	49	85	42	71	....	38	76	4	40	69	4	40	69	3	39	69	5
Summerhill Township	39	65	42	53	2	37	61	....	39	62	3	40	57	....	37	61	29
Susquehanna Township	89	95	92	104	....	119	78	....	61	136	....	99	103	....	94	108	....
Tunnelhill Borough	27	1	29	8	....	32	7	....	29	18	....	29	9	....	29	9	....
Upper Yoder Township	79	68	54	51	4	73	51	6	72	49	7	74	49	7	74	49	7
Washington Township	229	62	181	11	....	192	10	....	122	17	....	192	10	....	192	10	....
White Township	32	28	29	24	....	31	22	....	20	33	....	30	23	....	30	23	....
Wilmore Borough	25	57	32	34	4	36	33	1	41	24	1	38	34	1	21	52	36
Woodvale Borough	44	82	57	40	9	47	48	17	41	45	14	52	46	12	55	41	12
West Taylor Township	....	....	16	35	6	11	38	7	12	36	8	16	32	7	16	33	7
Total	....	....	3941	3313	249	3740	5469	846	3535	5549	405	3912	5742	290	3871	5295	357

—The latest case of faith cure is that of a Miss Morgan, of Pittsburg, who had been confined to bed for three years with spinal disease. She is now able to walk and firmly believes that she will permanently recover, attributing her improved condition entirely to her faith in the efficacy of prayer.

—The following named persons can each get a letter by calling at the Ebensburg post-office: Joseph Bebe, Joseph Grodefer, Samuel P. Hatley, William Litzinger, William H. McMullen, R. F. Maugher, J. Kirk Nevin, Robert Orr, Joseph M. Sutton, H. G. Shirk, Mrs. R. Connell, Orpha Jane Evans.

—The laborers along the line of the South Pennsylvania railroad are in very destitute circumstances. Many of them have their families with them and are living in shanties along the line. When the work stopped their means of support ended, and many of them are dependent on the charity of the farmers.

—Mrs. A. W. Ashbaugh, while crossing the bridge at Leechburg, Armstrong county, which is 30 feet above the water, broke through the footwalk, but fortunately caught hold of one of the timbers with one hand while holding her infant babe with the other, where she clung until assistance reached her.

—A great many of the people who were in town on election day went home perfectly satisfied that, no difference who they voted for they had made a profitable visit, for they had been to John Owens' store, on High street and purchased a lot of boots and shoes, dry goods, dress goods, groceries and provisions, at the very lowest prices.

—David L. Replogle, of South Woodbury township, raised this season on a field of nine acres, 1,100 bushels of corn and 160 two horse wagon-loads of pumpkins. The average number of pumpkins in a load was better 12,800. Upon his two farms Mr. Replogle raised 3,200 bushels of corn.

—A refrigerator car was wrecked at Huntingdon on Sunday last owing to the journal on one of the trucks, becoming overheated and breaking, causing the wheels to leave the rails and letting the end of the truck down on the ties where it was dragged for a distance of nearly two hundred yards. A tramp, who was on the rear end of the car escaped unhurt.

—George Swartzman, of Johnstown, was arrested on Saturday last at his father's house, in that place, for the larceny of some forty or fifty dollars from the paternal till. He made no resistance when taken in charge by the constable, but when on their way to the lock-up he started to run, followed by the constable, who gave out and abandoned the chase, leaving George at liberty.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* of Tuesday says in the case of Benjamin Kest, the Portage street saloon keeper charged by Mrs. Colburn with cruelty to animals, the specific allegation being that he beat her cow almost to death with a club, the jury yesterday rendered a verdict of guilty in manner and form as indicted. Justice Strayer find him $10 and costs, the amount footing up $22.79.

—The "oldest inhabitant" now comes to the front with the prediction that the coming winter will be an unusually severe one, with plenty of ice and snow, and is likely to set in earlier than usual for years past. He says he has watched the corn husks for many years and never knew it to fail in a single instance that when the husks were unusually thick the winter would be a very severe one. This season, he says, the husks are thicker than he has ever saw them, and a very severe winter is in prospect.

—Mr. George Reed, of Canoe Creek, Blair county, was walking over the mountain towards Altoona one day last week, moving along very leisurely and picking chestnuts as he went. When near the top of the mountain he heard a snort. On looking around he saw a black bear and two cubs looking at him. Mr. Reed was not easily frightened. He began a warfare on the bear party with stones, which caused them to move away. Mr. Reed went on his journey unmolested.

—One day last week several ladies of Renovo were out a mile from town near the mountain, gathering the richly variegated autumn leaves. Suddenly they discovered a large black bear coming towards them. With a chorus of feminine shrieks the ladies made a dash for home, with bruin in hot pursuit. At the outskirts of town the bear gave up the chase, and strolled back to the mountain. Michael Dayton, John Weaver and Samuel Wilaie, three veteran hunters of Renovo, heard the story and started out to slay the bear. They left Renovo at noon and returned in the evening with the animal. It weighed 347 pounds.

—All the farmers and farmers' boys in this Commonwealth should know that on the 23d of last June the Legislature passed a law for the benefit of agriculture and the protection of game, by offering a bounty of two dollars for every wild cat killed, one dollar for every red or gray fox slain, and fifty cents for every mink, weasel, hawk or owl, excepting the screech or barn owl. Persons who kill any of the above, and de-[illegible] the reward, must go before a Justice of the time and place with the slain bird or animal and [illegible] amount

Opp. Patent Office

—For first-class photographs go to Wolfe's gallery, next door to Mountain House, low prices and good work. Come soon as I stop a few days only.

—There is danger of there being a coal famine in Ebensburg and vicinity owing to our coal dealers being unable to get coal on the railroad on account of a scarcity of cars. If the roads were in good condition any amount of coal could be got from the country banks, but in the present state of the roads it is almost impossible to haul a load. A number of families are at present on a short allowance and several are entirely out.

—There are many persons who purchase sewing machines and other articles on the installment plan, that is, they agree to pay so much each month. The question has been whether, in case the purchaser fails to make the payments regularly, as often happens with poor women purchasing sewing machines, the agent can go and take the article without the consent of the purchaser. A case come up before Judge Finletter in Philadelphia, and the learned jurist decided the agent had no authority to take a sewing machine he had sold to a woman on the installment plan and who had failed to make the monthly payments unless with the woman's consent, if he did he was, in using force, guilty of assault and battery. Before the agent can lay a finger on the goods he must take a legal action through a writ of replevin. The essential point, the Judge says, is, that the installment man cannot decide for himself what is or what is not the law, and that he cannot deprive his debtors of the benefit of it. As a large class of people purchase on the installment plan and are ignorant of their rights we deemed it advisable to make proper note of this decision because it seems just and based on correct principle. Such persons can now bear in mind that if they are in arrears with their payments the goods cannot be seized until recourse is had by due process of law.

School Report.

The following is the report of the Ebensburg schools for the month of October:

TEACHERS.	Room	Enrolled. Boys	Girls	Total	average attendance. Boys	Girls	Total	Visits
Mary E. Davis	1	32	32	64	29	29	58	8
Mrs. C. Lewis	2	20	22	42	18	17	35	6
Allie Lloyd	3	29	31	60	24	19	43	6
Gussie Davis	4	22	21	43	18	17	35	6
J. W. Leech	5	17	21	38	16	20	36	5
Totals	5	180	117	247	111	102	213	35

The following pupils were perfect in attendance:

ROOM NO. 1.

Donald Shoemaker, Calvin Port, Irwin Gant, Philip Shoemaker, Johnnie Ritter, Willie Evans, Willie Leichty, Carl Dick, Ollie Davis, Neal Dow, Herschell Evans, George Myers, Elmer Davis, Walter Jones, Johnnie Driggs, Harry Evans, Herbie Evans, Ada Jones, May Davis, Alice Jones, Myrtle James, Lena Kirkpatrick, Mary Nipple, Darsy Carbin, Elma Rosensteel, Stella Creery, Blanche Folsom, Maud Shinefelt, Lizzie Gutwalt, Annie McBreen, Addie Kirpatrick, Anny Tibbott.

ROOM NO. 2.

Harrie Shinafelt, Alen Corbin, Christy Strayer, Fred. Jones, Johnnie Strayer, Mathew Herschel, Prescott Davis, Milton Luther, Urban Luther, Chas Port, Frank Bender, Flora Mills, Gertie Laremer, Maud Richardson, Gracie McCaslin, Aggie James.

ROOM NO. 3.

Cordie Snyder, Fred Barber, Jimmie Dick, John Ludwig, Norah Ludwig, Stella Rosensteel, Emma Morrow, Mary McBreen, Annie Maloney, Rosie Manson, Maggie McCabe, Stella Rosensteel.

ROOM NO 4.

Sherman Mason, Herschel Davis, Eddie Luther, Reichert Garman, Harry Owens, Willie Shoemaker, Norris Mason, Met. Ludwig, Nannie James, Alice Davis, Annie Crouse, Mary Scanlan, Katy McBreen.

ROOM NO. 5.

Geo. 'Kinkead, Jesse Hill, Geo. Dick, Bert Davis, John Scanlan, Criss Shannon, Oscar Kinkead, Thad Evans, Mary Roberts, Orene Evans, Fannie Richardson, Ada Griffith, Lizzie Schettig, Rachel Leidy, Caddie Kerr, Bird Sheakle, Myra Richardson, Cara Davis, Jessie Morrow, Mary Shoemaker.

BARN BURNED.—On Wednesday night of last week between 12 and 1 o'clock the barn of W. G. Krise, Esq., in Dean township, was set on fire and along with its entire contents was entirely consumed. The roof was falling in before the fire was discovered by the family, who were all asleep at the time. Mr. Krise lost all his crop, consisting of twelve tons of hay, two hundred bushels of oats, ten bushels of rye, one buggy, hay rake, wind mill, cider mill, 166 gallons of cider, a lot of corn not husked, two hogs, 50 bushels of potatoes, all his chickens and a large lot of farming implements. The work was done by an incendiary, as there had been none of the family about the barn since in the evening. Mr. Krise's loss is estimated at $1,500 and he had no insurance.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia.

Lafayette in Pittsburg.

There has been some controversy about the date of General Lafayette's visit to Pittsburg, which is settled by an article printed elsewhere from the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History*. The Lafayette party came down the Monongahela from Brownsville, which they reached via Wheeling and Washington. They arrived at Braddock's field on Sunday evening, May 29, 1825, coming from Elizabeth in row boats. The next morning they were escorted with great parade and wild enthusiasm to the city, breakfasting at the Arsenal, and then reviewing the military under Major General William Wilkins at "Bell's Clover Field," between Lawrenceville and the city. In Pittsburg General Lafayette and party had quarters at Darlington's Hotel, or the "Mansion House," on the corner of Fifth avenue and Wood street (the old *Post* building) where the First National bank now stands. Here the formal reception speeches were delivered by Judge Shaler and E. D. Gazzam, both well remembered and honored citizens. There was a great public dinner, and in the evening a ball at Colonel's Ramsey's hotel, corner of Wood and Third streets, which was attended by "the youth, the beauty and the fashion of the city." Where is that noble array of beauty, youth and fashion to day? The next day, Tuesday, there was a review by the General of the school children of the city, who were ranged on Wood street in front of the hotel. Possibly some of these children are still alive; it was seventy-five years ago the last day of May. He visited the manufacturing establishments the same day and received the revolutionary soldiers resident here, one of whom, Galbreath Wilson, the General recognized as the young soldier who had helped him over a fence when he was wounded in the leg at the battle of Brandywine, near fifty years before. The next day, Wednesday, June 1, the General left in the regular stage for Erie, whence he went to Niagara Falls and on to New York city. He was escorted some distance on his way by the city troop of Captain Magnus Murray, and a battalion of volunteers General Lafayette returned to France the same year, 1825, and before he sailed Congress granted him in recognition of his services $200,000 in money and a township of land. He died in Paris, May 20, 1834.—*Pittsburg Post.*

Anti-Treating.

Reading has an anti-treating society, concerning which one of the members says:

"After several months' trial we find the anti-treating departure to be quite beneficial. If a member wants to go into a place to take a drink, he can do so without running any risk of having to take a half dozen before he gets out. During former times if a man went to a bar he would possibly meet friends, and the old custom of treating and treating in return would prevail, and, in a short time, all would have more than they wanted, and their business would be considerably interfered with. It is different now. A member can take one or as many drinks as he pleases, pay for what he gets, and that ends it. Treating being out of the way, there is nothing to interfere with his leaving when he desires or ceasing to drink when he wishes. I believe there is nearly as much liquor drank as before, but it is more evenly distributed. We have about 40 members on the roll and they strictly observe the rules. I don't think any of the saloons have been any the loser by the anti treating society."

It is pleasant to record the success of this common sense departure. The treating system is all wrong, and it is responsible for its own share of drunkards. If every man paid for his own drink, the number of bar room loungers would be lessened, and there would also be observable a decreased number of tragedies brought on by liquor. The temperance crusader should make war on the treating outposts before storming the inner citadel of drunkenness.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. For sale by E. James.

OBITUARY.

McCOY.—Died, at St. Aloysius academy in Loretto, on Saturday, October 31st, 1885, Miss Dollie McCoy, aged fourteen years.

Miss McCoy was a student of St. Aloysius academy and was taken ill with pneumonia. She was a daughter of Mr. McCoy, of Glen White.

WARD.—Died, at the residence of his parents, in Ebensburg, on Thursday, November 5th, 1885, Martin H. Ward, aged 31 years and 10 months.

The deceased was a son of Mr. Martin Ward, of this place, and had been residing in New York for the past eight or ten years, where he was employed by the American Express company. During the last winter he contracted a cold that finally settled on his lungs and caused his death. About two months ago he returned home and gradually grew weaker until death finally relieved him. He was a young man of sterling character and fine business qualifications, and was exemplary in all his habits. He was a strict member of the Catholic church, and during his illness received all the consolations afforded him by his religion. His funeral will take place on Saturday morning at ten o'clock. Peace to his ashes.

Reminiscences of Cardinal McCloskey.

His Eminence often said it was said to have outlived his generation; that his contemporaries having passed away, he felt lonely and alone, "like an old man among young men," there being none now living who took part with him in the events of his life and times.

He was simple and unostentatious in his habits, shrinking from everything that bordered on vacancy or pride. This trait was well illustrated some years ago, on the occasion when some wealthy friends presented him with a coach and horses. While he thanked the gentlemen for their humble kindness and liberality, he felt constrained to say "that he had no taste or inclination for such grandeur or display; that it might gratify the vanity of his successors, but it had no attraction for him." In the same manner, when some one had apologized because of the delay in getting the new Madison avenue mansion ready, he said "there was no need to be in a hurry; that he was well provided for, and that he wanted no better house than the humble home which he then occupied." He was a distinguished and impressive speaker, and in this respect he had no superior in the diocese. He was rich in mental resources, and remarkable originality and versatility. There were excellent opportunities to judge of him in this regard when he visited the colleges during their annual commencements, which he did regularly every year. He always had a beautiful short speech of congratulation, thanks, and encouragement, but never once repeated himself. Having been once asked permission by a clerical student in examination to read his papers in English, he answered "Yes, no doubt you will be better understood."

When about ten years of age his father had a farm in Dutchess county. One day, while a yoke of oxen stood yoked in a lumber wagon, he tried to drive them, got on the road, went against a stump, and upset the lumber on top of himself. He was taken up for dead. This was the cause of much of the feebleness of his after life.

He never in any manner wasted his vitality by the use of stimulants or tobacco.

He hated bluster and noise. "Easiest, the best," was his motto.

There's no use fighting nature. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy does nothing of that kind. It does not make the sufferers who trust in it worse under the pretense of doing them good. It acts tenderly and in sympathy with what nature herself is trying to accomplish. Do yo have trouble with your digestion your liver or your kidneys? Does rheumatism pain and rack you? Is your head thick and heavy? It will charm away these ailments almost ere you are aware.

Sheriff's Sales.

By virtue of sundry writs of Fieri Facias Vend Exponas, Levari Facias and Alias Levari Facias, issued out of the court of Common Pleas, of Cambria county, Pa., and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the COURT HOUSE Ebensburg, Pa., on

Monday, November 30, 1885,

at 10 o'clock A. M., to wit:

All the right title and interest of Henry T. Herwig, of in and to all that certain piece of land situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded by the lands of John Boughertv on the north, Jacob Z. Nagle on the east, James Eckenrode on the west and others; containing 112 acres, more or less, about sixty acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story log house and partly log and partly frame, barn and outbuildings, now in the occupancy of William A. Glass. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Martin Hoffle.

Also. All the right title and interest of Alfred Donoughe and Mark Donoughe of, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Gallitzin township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining land of W. K. Douglass on the east, on the north by land of William Christy, on the south by lands of Sebastian Wagner and others; containing 142 acres, about 25 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house and frame shed. Now in the occupancy of Francis Donoughe.

Also. All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of John Dougherty on the east, lands of Frank Hite on the west, lands of Christy on the north and others; containing 80 acres, more or less about 80 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a log house and frame barn and other outbuildings, now in the occupancy of Silas Donoughe. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Joseph Hogue heir & *domis non cum testamento annexo* of John Bradley, deceased.

Also. All the right title and interest of Susan McMullen and Charles McMullen, agent of in and to all that certain tract of land situate in White township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded on the north by land of David Hollis, on the east by lands of Harry Gates, on the south by lands of William Conrad and others; containing 40 acres, more or less, about 25 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story log house, log stable and other outbuildings, now in the occupancy of Susan McMullen and Charles McMullen. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Cambria County.

Also. All the right title and interest of David Leidy of, in and to all that certain tract of land situate in Jackson township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded on the north by lands of Henry Enger and on the east by lands of Frank Dougraw and on the west by lands of ——Migge, containing 135 acres more or less, about 30 acres of which are cleared; having thereon erected a two story plank house and log barn and other outbuildings, now in the occupancy of Joseph Leidy. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Sarah Leidy.

Also. All the right title and interest of the Cambria Guards Hall association, to wit: All that certain lot of ground situate in the West ward, of the borough of Ebensburg, county of Cambria and State of Pennsylvania, and described as follows, to wit: Beginning on the corner of Center and Ogle streets thence west along said Ogle street fifty feet to lot of R. L. Johnston, Esq., thence north by said lot eighty-five feet to a corner, thence east by the said lot fifty feet to Centre street, thence south along said street eighty-five feet to the place of beginning; having thereon a two story brick hall. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of C. E. Roberts.

Also. All the right title and interest of E. W. Reed, situate in that part of Gallitzin township, now annexed to Gallitzin borough, Cambria Co., Pa., bounded on the west by lot of Joseph Hogue, on the north by an alley, on the east by lot of Mrs. Crum and on the south by ——street, being a lot 30 feet by 160 feet and situated in that part of the extension of Gallitzin borough, known as Murrysville. The building is a one-story frame building, sixteen feet by thirty feet. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of C. R. & H. Hummelwright, for use of Jno. A. McMullen.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down and the remaining two-thirds at the confirmation of the deed.

Sheriff's Office, Eb'g, Pa., } D. A. LUTHER,
Nov mber 2 1885. } Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sales.

By virtue of sundry writs of Fieri Facias Vend Expon and Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas, of Cambria county, Pa., and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the MANSION HOUSE, Johnstown, Pa., on

Saturday, November 28, 1885,

at ten o'clock A. M., to wit:

All the right title and interest of Henry Angeloud of, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Jackson, county of Cambria, Pa., adjoining land of Jacob Kelter, on the south, Jacob Kuenfelter, on the east, John Mochell, on the north and David Kelter on the west; containing 108 acres, more or less and about 60 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house and frame barn and outbuildings, now in the occupancy of Henry Anstead. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Henry O. Miltenberger.

Also. All the right title and interest of Foster W. Davison, in and to all that certain lot or ground situate in the village of Morrellville, Lower Yoder township, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on the west by Chandler street and running back to an alley on the east, having an alley on the north and lot of Geo. Adams on the south, having thereon erected a two story plank house and outbuildings, now in the occupancy of F. W. Davis. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of James Duncan.

Also. All the right title and interest of A. J. Hawk, Joseph Rush, W. A. Stonebraker, James Sanson, W. B. Keller, Richard George, R. C. Edwards and C. W. Marsh as Trustees of the Second Methodist Episcopal church, of Johnstown, Pa. The said building is located on a lot or piece of ground situate on Locust street in the First ward, of Johnstown borough, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Fronting fifty feet on the easterly side of Franklin street and extending back the same width eighty feet to an alley, having lot of Margaret Koplin on the north and lot of George W. Kerr on the south. It is a one-story brick building, designed for a church; having a front of forty feet on Franklin street and extending back the same width sixty-six feet to an alley. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of C. R. Ellis.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down and the remaining two thirds at the confirmation of the deed.

Sheriff's Office, Eb'g, Pa., } D. A. LUTHER,
November 2

An Incident of Camp Life.

James Milton Sherrod said he had a peculiar experience once while he was in camp on the Poudre, in Colorado.

"We went over from Larmy," said he "in July, eight years ago—four of us. There was me and Charcoal Brown and old Joe and young Joe Connoy. We had just got comfortable down on the lower Fork, out of the reach of everybody and sixty miles from a doctor, when Charcoal Brown got sick. Well, we had a big time of it. You can imagine yourself something about it. Long in the night Brown began to groan and w[illegible] and I made a diagnosis [illegible]. He didn't have much sand anyhow. He was trying to get a pension from the government on the grounds of desertion and failure to provide, or some such a blame thing or other, so I didn't feel much sympathy for him. But when I lit the gas and examined him I found that he had a larger fever on hand, and there he was without a doggon thing in the house but a jug of emigrant whiskey and a paper of condition powders for a mule. I was a good deal rattled at first to know what the dickens to do for him. The whiskey wouldn't do him any good, and, besides, if he was goin' to have a long spell of sickness we needed it for the watchers.

"Well, it was rough. I'd think of a thousand things that was good for fevers and then I'd remember that we hadn't got 'em. Finally old Joe said to e 'James, why don't ye soak his feet?' says he. 'Soak nuthin'!' says I; 'what would ye soak 'em in?' We had a long-handled frying-pan, and we could heat water in it, of course, but it was too shallow to do any good, anyhow, so we abandoned that synopsis right off. First I thought I'd try the condition powders in him, but I hated to go into a case and prescribe so reckless. Finally I thought about a case of rheumatiz that I had up in Bitter Creek years ago and how the boys filled their socks full of hot ashes and put 'em all over me and I got over it. So we began to skirmish around the tent for socks, and I hope I may be tetotally skun if there was a blame sock in the whole syndicate. Ez fur me, I never wore 'em, but I did think young Joe would be fixed. He wasn't though. Said he didn't want to be considered proud and high strung, so he left his socks at home.

"Then we begun to look around and finally decided that Brown would die pretty soon if he didn't break up the fever, so we concluded to take all the ashes under the camp fire, fill up his clogs, which was loose, tie his sleeves at the wrists, and his pants at the ankles, give him a dash of condition powders and a little whiskey to take the taste out of his mouth and then see what nature would do.

So we stood Brown up agin a tree and poured hot ashes down his back till he begun to fit his clogs pretty quick, and then we laid him down in the tent and covered him up with everything we had in our humble cot. Everything worked well till he began to perspirate, and then there was music and don't you forget it. That kind of soaked the ashes, don't you see, and made a lye that would take the peeling off a telegraph pole.

"Charcoal Brown just simply riz up and uttered a shrill whoop that jarred the geology of Colorado, and made my hair rise solid. The goose-flesh riz on old Joe Hopkins's ribs so you could hang your hat on 'em anywhere. It was awful.

"Brown stood up on his feet, and threw things, and cussed us till we felt ashamed of ourselves. I've seen sickness and a good deal in my time, but—I give it to you straight—I never seen an invalid a-end up in the loneliness of the night, far from home and friends, with the concentrated lye oozing out of the cracks of his boots, and reproach people the way Charcoal Brown did us.

"He got over it of course, before Christmas, but he was a different man after that."

Take a Country Paper.

Every citizen should subscribe and pay for a newspaper printed in his own county. It is right and advisable to take a city paper, or several of them, if it can be afforded, but to take a city weekly to the exclusion of the home paper, is the embodiment of foolishness. Of course, a country paper with one or two thousand subscribers cannot be issued for the same price a city paper with 100,000 subscribers can. The reasons are too obvious to mention.

No paper that goes to the fireside of the farmer is so eagerly read as the country paper. The head of the family and the wife and children, await with impatience its coming and examine its columns with great interest. It is the county paper that records the deaths and marriages of the persons of your acquaintance; that informs you of holding court, the names of jurors, the cases to be tried and the parties interested—in fact, that gives you all the legal news and informs you of all other local matters of interest. This is news that no city paper can furnish, and if a man should receive a dozen of city newspapers he'd [illegible] could not do without a good local paper.

A WONDERFUL GIRL.—Here is a most extraordinary story, which is commended to the perusal of the young and to be carefully treasured in memory:

"Once in a large city there dwelt a maiden whose mother, being in moderate circumstances, was put to great straits to so educate her daughter that she might occupy a higher walk in life. She worked hard and deprived herself of every comfort. And how was she rewarded? Strange to say, this young lady appreciated her mother's sacrifices and did all she could to lighten her labors. Upon returning from school, she devoted her time to the kitchen until the hour for her music lesson arrived, and then she would make the piano howl. She arose early and assisted with the washing and ironing, and when her young man took her for the ice cream at night, she always slipped some choice cake into her pocket for her mother. Finally, she and the young man were married, and the best room in the house was devoted to the old lady, who never afterwards did a lick of work.

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1885. 1885.

THE WEEKLY POST

Under a Democratic National Administration.

The Will of the People Vindicated and the Great Wrong Righted.

THE PITTSBURG WEEKLY POST

congratulates its Democratic readers on the dawn of a new year, under conditions that have not existed for a quarter of a century—

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

Cleveland and Hendricks have been elected. After the fourth of March there will be a Democratic administration at Washington, with great possibilities for the progress, prosperity and advancement of the country.

AS THE POST has labored unceasingly for twenty five years for these glorious results, so it will extend to the new administration a hearty greeting and a cordial support in the re-establishment of principles and policies which, in the public welfare, by reforming abuses, righting wrongs and asserting the supremacy of the Democratic faith. We are on the threshold of important events and great changes. To a Democrat who aided in Cleveland's election, the future is full of interest and hope.

THE WEEKLY POST will aim to keep fully abreast of the times in everything relating to the incoming administration. Its policy at home and abroad will be intelligently discussed, generously supported or candidly and kindly criticised. No year in the history of this journal promises to be so replete with matters of interest to Democrats as the one which we are about to enter. The meeting of Congress, the declaration of the Presidential vote, the inauguration, the new Cabinet, the changes in the public service, the *opening up of the books*, all are of great concern. THE WEEKLY POST will furnish the earliest intelligence, with judicious comment from the old Democratic standpoint. Success will not hamper it any more than a quarter of a century of defeat impaired its energies.

The session of the Legislature, with a Reform Governor opposed by a Republican majority promises to be fruitful of important issues and exciting incident. The coming session of Congress will be even more interesting in its broader field.

In all its varied departments, THE WEEKLY POST will aim at excellence and reliability. Its literary, miscellaneous, news and local departments will be maintained in their utmost efficiency, while its market reports will be prepared with greater care and precision than ever before and made absolutely reliable.

Now the time for Democrats everywhere to take hold, cement and strengthen the party and its chosen representatives, by extending the circulation of Democratic papers. We are no longer on the defensive—we are done with apologizing—the party to-day stands for a majority of the American people, and in a few weeks it will be called on to administer the general Government. Truth is mighty and has prevailed.

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Physicians' Testimony.

A. W. Brown, M.D., of Providence, R. I., says: "I have used HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my practice for the past sixteen years, and cheerfully recommend it as being a *safe* and *reliable* remedy."

Another prominent doctor of Providence says that "I am frequently urged to use other preparations as substitutes for HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. I find on trying them that they are worthless in comparison to it."

An Old Lady.

"My mother, 76 years old, has chronic kidney complaint and dropsy. Nothing has ever helped her like HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. She has received great benefit from 8 bottles and we think it will cure her."—W. W. Sunderland, Builder, Danbury, Conn.

A Minister's Wife.

Rev. Anthony Atwood, of Philadelphia, says:—"HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has cured my wife of Dropsy in its worst form. All say that it is a miracle."

General Chace.

General Chace of Rhode Island says: "I always keep HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY in my house. Taken in small doses occasionally at night, it prevents headache, and regulates the kidneys, stomach and other organs." 10

"Disease soon shaken, by HUNT'S REMEDY taken."

C. N. CRITTENTON, N. Y., General Agent.

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the popular favorite for dressing the hair. Restoring the color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and $1. sizes at Druggists.

PARKER'S TONIC
The Best Cough Cure you can use
and the best known preventive of Consumption. PARKER'S TONIC kept in a house is a sentinel to keep sickness out. Used discreetly it keeps the blood pure and the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys in working order. Coughs and Colds vanish before it. It builds up the whole health.
If you suffer from Debility, Skin Eruptions, Cough, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Kidney, Urinary or Female complaints, or any disorder of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, Blood or Nerves, don't wait till you are sick in bed, but use PARKER'S TONIC to-day; it will give you new life and vigor.
HISCOX & CO., N. Y.
Sold by Druggists. Large saving buying $1 size.

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From Lake Superior to Puget Sound.
At prices ranging chiefly from $2 to $6 per acre, on 5 to 10 years' time. This is the best Country for securing Good Homes now open for settlement.
FREE 320 acres of Government Land Free under the Homestead and Timber Culture Laws. NOT ONE-HALF OF 10,818,433 Acres OR MORE THAN HALF of all the Public Lands disposed of in the 10 years in the Northern Pacific country. Books and Maps sent FREE, describing the Northern Pacific Country, the Railroad Lands for Sale and the FREE Government Lands. Address, CHAS. B. LAMBORN, Land Com'r, N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS
Have stood for 30 years the Standard Remedy for all ills of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and all derangements of the Liver. Sold "Sellers' Liver Pills entire use of Low Complaint which completed me to quit work."—Wm. Andrews, Baltimore. "I can recommend Sellers' Liver Pills. They have cured hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills."—Thos. Adams, Big Sandy, Kentucky. Price 25c. a box. Sold by all Druggists and country Store Keepers. S. B. SELLERS & CO., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Tempted Too Far.

"I had to do it—yes, had to do it," he exclaimed in a Tennessee court room to the jury. "It was a matter of self defense."

"Did the plaintiff here, whom you shot twice, draw any weapon?" asked the lawyer.

"I don't say as he did."

"Was he about to?"

"I don't say he was, 'Deed, I guess he didn't have no weepins with him."

"But you plead self-defense, 's

"Sartin I do. I went up there in —— township last fall. We lived on sassafras tea and lean bacon all winter. This spring got in a few hills of corn and taters, and I kinder got track of several bee trees, and kept my eyes peeled for coon tracks. Things began to look as if we had seen the wust. The ole woman was rekonin' on a new kaliker, and I was plannin' to git my ole rifle fixed, when—when——"

Here the prisoner seemed overcome by his emotions, and it was two or three minutes before he could continue:

"Well, I might a-knowed that some calamity would come along sooner or later and kick the skillet up the chimbly. I was allus a poor critter—poor, but strivin' to be white all the way through."

"Proceed," said the lawyer, after the prisoner had wept some more.

"I sot out thar on a log, kinder bopin' that the corn and taters wouldn't grow fast 'nuff to keep me from goin' fishin', and the ole woman was smokin' jimweed in her pipe and wonderin' if the children had treed 'nother coon, when—when this ere fellow as got shot swooped down like one o' them sighclones. All was changed in one minit. All was——"

They let him have a few minutes to crowd down his feelings, and he went on:

"He didn't make no bones about 'tall. He axes if my name was Dan'l Scott, and I say it was. He axes if I owned the farm, and I gin it to him straight. Then he pulls out a paper and says:

"'Dan'l, I'm cum fur.'

"'Fur what?'

"'The taxes.'

"'What taxes?'

"'State and county, Dan'l. We can't run this ere best kentry on earth and her Liberty and Union and a Fourth of July every year without money. Them as owns lands mus' pay taxes.'

"'Never,' says I. 'The tyrant don't live as kin put his foot on the neck of Dan'l Scott!'

"'But you must pay,' says he, 'or I'll have to sell you out.'

"Wall, gents that was threats. That was drivin' me to the wall. The ole woman begun cryin', the children come up and sniveled, and corn and taters and bee trees and coon tracks and bright prospects all went to the dogs. I couldn't—no, I couldn't."

"Couldn't what, Mr. Scott?"

"Call me Dan'l unless you want to hurt my feelins. I mean I couldn't put up with no such threats of assassinashun. The ole woman sneaked me the double barr'l'd shot gun over the brush fence, and I popped away, and popped to kill. Yes, gents, I,m telling you the solemn truth, and I want to say if there's a free born American citizer and Tennesee patriot among you who wouldn't have did the very same?"

At last accounts the jury was still out.

SHOULD ORCHARDS BE CULTIVATED?—This is evidently one of those questions that admit of a variable answer. In other words, a practice which may be the best for one orchard may not be so for another, because the conditions are far from being uniform. To keep the ground in an orchard under cultivation, and producing crops which are removed annually, will soon exhaust the fertility of the richest soil, unless some sort of fertilizer is returned to make good the amount taken away. The frequent stirring of the soil, breaking up, disintegrating and pulverizing, are beneficial operations, for by keeping the surface open and loose, we aid the admission of air and moisture, both of which contain certain elements which are absorbed by the roots and go far towards making up the bulk of all cultivated plants. But as a rule orchardists do not think that they can afford to plow, harrow and keep down the noxious weeds in the orchard for no other purpose than benefit the trees and improve the quality of the fruit; consequently, when they plow it must be for the purpose of sowing or planting, and the orchard is kept constantly engaged with some annual farm crop, or seeded down to clover or grass. To sow grain of any kind in an orchard, except on very moist soils, or in a humid climate, seldom fails to check the growth of the trees, because the growing grain will take the moisture from the trees at the very time when they need it most.—*Am. Ag.*

THE MARRIAGE LAW.—The operation of the marriage license act is leading to various trouble. In Philadelphia the other day a colored citizen was refused a marriage license because he could not tell his age. In Tioga a luckless swain, having traveled thirty miles to get the consent of the Commonwealth was refused a license because he did not bring his girl along, and in his excusable anger he swore he would go to New York and get married. In Bradford county a groom sent his father for the coveted document, and did not get it, the clerk refusing to deal with proxies. The Philadelphia *Record* remarks: "In all these cases the officiating clerks, in their anxiety to comply with the statute, probably overshot the mark. There is no reason why a third party who can make the necessary oath, should not get a certificate, there being no other legal hindrance. The colored man who did not know his age should not have been debarred of matrimony in the vicinage if he looked to be old enough, and could swear to his probable age. The license act was not intended to hinder proper marriages. It aims solely to make improper marriages more difficult to bring about."

A CRANK is usually a man whose head is turned.

BURGLARS' deeds are dark because they always "light out."

Hitching Three Times a Day.

Messrs. Mullers and Jones, of Germany, have been making quite extensive experiments in milking cows more than the usual number of times a day. By milking three times a day a slight per centage of fat is secured that would be lost under the other practice. In one experiment reported the butter was thirty cents a pound, the butter from two milkings was worth fourteen dollars and from the three milkings eighteen dollars, according to the percentage of fat found to be secured by the extra milking. The question arises in this instance, does the extra money value secured pay for the labor expended in securing it? This will, of course, depend very much upon how the cows are kept. If the cows are in pasture the trouble of driving them up and milking them, and driving them back again, is not altogether measured by the labor expended, but the loss of the cows from pasture also. The interruption of men and women from their regular daily labor are serious matters on a farm where long distances separate the hands from the cattle. Then, again, on the dairy farms in this country the great bugbear is the want of good milkers. Few men can succeed in dairying who have to depend on hired help outside of their immediate families or connections. Men hate to milk, and women cannot do it where a large number of cows are to be handled in a reasonably short space of time. In the old country, where hands are numerous and to be had for the asking, the burden of three milkings a day may be imposed without creating a riot, but in this country it would not work. The chances also are that such frequent milkings would tend to dry up the udder. This applies, of course, to cows in the usual condition. When a cow is fresh and produces a yield that threatens the safety of the udder and that is evidently painful to the cow, it is well then to relieve the udder by one or two extra milkings a day, and even then it is scarcely worth while to draw the udder to its last strippings, but it is better to take out just enough to relieve the pain.

Under ordinary conditions of American farm life, we are quite sure that the extra percentage of fat saved by one additional milking, in view of the inconvenience attached to its performance, would not pay the dairyman to practice it. In view of its effect on the cow, we would be slow to recommend the practice, even if it did pay.—*American Dairyman.*

TAKE CARE OF YOUR ANIMALS.—Live stock are to be our especial watch and care for the coming four months at least. We need to winter them as economically as possible, ye have them gaining all the time. No animal is profitable at a stand-still. Stock wintered on the warmest side of a corn stack, and coming out "spring poor," are in no condition to make good returns during the summer. At this season look especially to the comfortableness of their quarters, that they may be easily cleaned, warm, and well aired when needed. Alterations that will facilitate foddering, littering and clearing out, should be planned and carried out at once. Tight board walls, or any others are a much cheaper source of warmth than much feeding, so far as neat cattle, horses in use, pigs and poultry are concerned. Horses and sheep with good shelter, out of the rain and well roofed, will bear any degree of cold they are likely to be subject to, if they have enough to eat, and the question of economy depends on the price of hay and corn, and the price of hemlock boards. Food consumed merely to maintain animal heat, deducting the value of resulting manure, is a dead loss. Beeves, sheep and pigs gain very rapidly if well fed this month. The bracing air sharpens appetites, and the variety of rich feed is greater now than at any other time of the year. They should be crowded but not over-fed.—*Am. Ag.*

JUST LET HER GET AT HIM.—Last week a letter was received at the pension office, Washington, from a Connecticut woman, inclosing an appeal for a widow's pension, and, in the regular order of business, it went to the files. A recording clerk glanced over the list, noticed that a man of the same name given by the widow was drawing a pension, which had been granted him in 1873, and was being paid through the California agency. It required only a few moments' search to discover that the record in the two cases was identical. The widow offered no proof of death, but her affidavit stated that she had not seen her husband or heard of him since the war and supposed that he had been killed in battle. A letter was written to her stating that her husband was already drawing a pension for wounds received in the war, and by return mail came inquiry for his whereabouts. She said that she had been mourning his death for 20 years, but was very glad to hear that he was still living, and if the pension people would only assist her in locating him she would make it very lively for her truant spouse.

MEN make a living in New York by picking up cigar stumps thrown away in the streets by smokers. The tobacco is used for the manufacture of cheap fine cut, and is even used as "filling" for cheap cigars. At the Fifth Avenue Hotel, says the *Tribune*, the porter ejected a well-dressed stranger who wandered about the corridor and was seen to drop his handkerchief several times alongside the cigar stumps, which had disappeared when the handkerchief was picked up. Cigars gathered in the hotels are usually of the best quality of Havana tobacco, and this man is said to have a bank account of several thousand dollars, wholly the result of his attention to the cigar stump trade.

Never Give Up.

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50 cents a bottle by F. James

"Rough on Rats."
clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bugs.

Heart Pains.
Palpitation, dropsical swellings, weakness, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by Wells' Health Renewer.

"Rough on Corns."
Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Buchu-Paiba"
Quick, complete cure, all kidney, bladder and urinary diseases, scalding, irritation, stone, gravel, catarrh of the bladder. $1. druggists.

Bed-Bugs. Flies.
Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Thin People.
"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

"Rough on Pain."
Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. 25c. Rough on Pain Plasters, 15c.

Mothers.
If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use Wells' Health Renewer. $1. Druggists.

Life Preserver.
If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Piles."
Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure. 50c. Druggists.

Pretty Women.
Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Rough on Itch."
"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

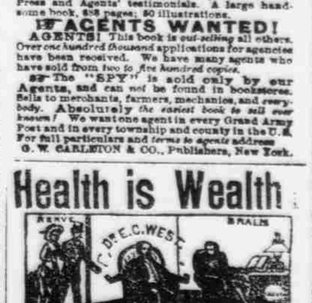
"Rough on Catarrh."
Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic, also unequaled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

The Hope of the Nation.
Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Catarrh of the Bladder.
Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all kidney and urinary complaints cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

"Water Bugs. Roaches."
"Rough on Rats" clears them out, also beetles ants.

IMMUNITY from ANNOYANCE



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The Epidemic of Crime.

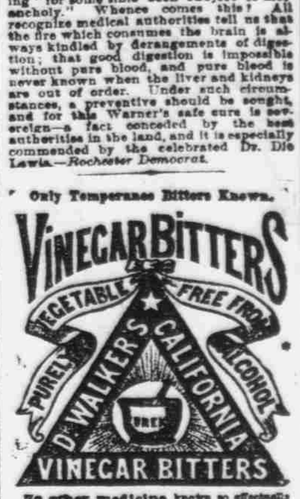
Whence comes this epidemic of suicides and murders? Recent discussions have named several causes. Hon. O. H. Smith, of Indiana, charges it to infidel teachings—holding that hopelessness of a future state cripples fortitude for bearing life's ills. Another declares suffering from the universal business depressions the cause. A third writer attributes it to increasing insanity, a physician thinks much of the tendency is inherited, while temperance advocates lay the responsibility upon strong drink.

Free-thinkers have committed suicide, but so have orthodox churchmen. Financial straits have beset many, but the wealthy have also taken their life.

Insanity and dissipation have preceded suicides and family murders.

One feature common to almost every such crime challenges attention. Well nigh every report of suicide and family murder mentions the perpetrator as having "for some time been subject to melancholy." Whence comes this? All recognize medical authorities tell us that the fire which consumes the brain is always kindled by derangements of digestion; that good digestion is impossible without pure blood, and pure blood is never known when the liver and kidneys are out of order. Under such circumstances, a preventive should be sought, and for this Warner's safe cure is sovereign—a fact conceded by the best authorities in the land, and it is especially commended by the celebrated Dr. Dio Lewis.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Only Temperance Bitters Known.



No other medicine known so effectually purges the blood of deep-seated diseases.

Millions bear testimony to its wonderful curative effects.

It is a purely Vegetable Preparation, made from the native herbs and roots of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol.

It removes the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health.

It is the great Blood Purifier and Life-giving Principle; a Gentle Purgative and Tonic; a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the power of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to.

The Alterative, Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Anti-Bilious, Solvent, Diuretic and Tonic properties of VINEGAR BITTERS exceed those of any other medicine in the world.

No person can take the BITTERS according to directions and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

Fevers, Remittent, Intermittent and Malarial Fevers are prevalent throughout the United States, particularly in the valleys of our great rivers and their vast tributaries during the Summer and Autumn, especially during seasons of unusual heat and dryness.

These Fevers are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these organs, is absolutely necessary.

There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as it will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fortified.

It is the great remedy for Nervous Prostration, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Dizziness of the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are at once relieved by VINEGAR BITTERS.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, the Bitters have no equal. In these, as in all constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS has shown its great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life are subject to Paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take occasional doses of VINEGAR BITTERS.

Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Swellings, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.

Pin, Tape and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuge, no anthelmintic, will free the system from worms like VINEGAR BITTERS.

Fever, Scarlet Fever, Mumps, Whooping Cough, and all children's diseases may be made less severe by keeping the bowels open with mild doses of the Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, this Bitters has no equal.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood when its impurities burst through the skin in Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, your feelings will tell you when, and the health of the system will follow.

In conclusion: Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle is a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Around each bottle are full directions printed in different languages.

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Hog vs. Man.

To know the American you must see him on all sides of him. On a train between Jersey City and Paterson, a day or two ago, a poorly dressed woman, carrying a baby in her arms, walked through two coaches and was unable to find a seat. The railroad hog was there. In a dozen cases he had a whole seat to himself, and he meant to keep it. The woman finally found refuge in the smoking car, and by and by the hog went forward to enjoy a Havana, and found her crying.

"What's the matter?"

"Baby is very ill, sir."

"And where are you going?"

"To my sister's. My husband is dead, and I have no home now."

"Leave you any money?"

"Not a dollar, sir."

"Umph! Sorry for you. Let me hand you this."

The hog has been robbed of his victuals. Women's tears have melted his selfishness. He returned to his car, gathered the other hogs around him and said:

"Come down! Poor widow—sick baby—no home. Come down!"

The hogs went down for their wallets, and in ten minutes the sum of $6 was put into the woman's hands, and the Boss Hog observed:

"There—there—it's all right—not a word! Now come back here!"

And as she followed him into the co